# THE NEW REPUBLIC

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## The Supreme Court Decides

Two important decisions were handed down by the United States Supreme Court on April 25, both of which, at the time, were handled ineptly by the daily press. In one of these, the Kansas City stockyard case, the Court went out of its way to insist that government agencies exercising quasi-judicial functions shall be careful to give a full and free hearing to those appearing before them. An immediate result has been that the National Labor Relations Board moved to retry some of its own closed cases. This is of course not a confession of guilt but an elementary precaution to meet the Court's views.

The other decision, of still more importance, got even less attention. In the Tompkins case Mr. Justice Brandeis ruled that the federal courts may not in handling questions of general, not of local, law, ignore the tendency of state law. In other words, an important domain of legal action is removed from federal jurisdiction and restored to that of the states.

## Hague Takes the Bait

Norman Thomas knows now what Mayor Frank Hague's lawless arrogance is like. Last week the distinguished leader of the Socialist Party, on his way to make a speech against war and fascism in Journal Square in Jersey City, was dragged from his automobile, put into a patrol wagon, forced onto a New York-bound ferry boat and then prevented from returning to Jersey City when he tried to do so on the Tube. This was much milder treatment than Mayor Hague had given Jeff Burkitt, a leader in the fight to restore some measure of lawfulness to Jersey City, two weeks before. Burkitt was railroaded off to jail with a six months' sentence for having spoken without a permit in the same Journal Square. Presumably Hague had sense enough not to try to jail Mr. Thomas. Except to those who are familiar with the courageous work he has been doing in Jersey City, Mr. Burkitt is a comparatively unknown figure; Hague was able to shut him up forcibly without raising too much public indignation. Hague may have realized that arresting Norman Thomas involved too much risk, but he clearly did not have sense enough to see that the forcible deportation would bring down upon him such widespread condemnation. Hague is giving the United States a taste of dictatorship, and the United States doesn't like the flavor.

## More Blunders About Railroads

The railroad mess is as bad as ever, and the federal authorities are contributing nothing, at the moment, to its solution. The railroad managements have followed their usual custom of trying to solve every difficulty by reducing wages, thus making the workers pay for management's past sins and present incompetence. The men, naturally, resent the proposed solution at their expense, and would probably strike rather than permit it to be carried out. Meanwhile, reports from Washington say that an extraordinary scheme is under

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consideration there, whereby the WPA would lend to the railroads relief workers to be used in maintenance operations. We know very well what this would mean: shop men and right-of-way workers would be fired by the roads and forced to go on relief. Then as relief workers, paid by the government, they would be put back at their present jobs. They would get good hourly rates, but would be given so few hours of work per week that their families would suffer great hardships and the whole wage-scale structure would be endangered. If Washington is seriously thinking of this kind of thing, then Washington is indeed bankrupt.

## This Year's Crop of Winners

This year's Pulitzer Prize winners will, on the whole, meet more popular acceptance than last year's. The novel prize to "The Late George Apley," by J. P. Marquand, seems unobjectionable. Most people will accept in the same spirit the divided prize in biography, given to Odell Shepard for his life of Bronson Alcott and to Marquis James for the second volume of the biography of Andrew Jackson. There will be more dissent from the history prize, given to "The Road to Reunion, 1865-1900," by Professor P. H. Buck; many persons will consider that "Middletown in Transition," by the Lynds, had a better claim, despite the technical question whether it could be considered as history. "Cold Morning Sky," by Marya Zaturenska, is a sound choice in the field of verse. Thornton Wilder's "Our Town" is certainly acceptable for the drama award, although Clifford Odets' "Golden Boy" and John Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" both have their partisans.

The gravest doubts are aroused by the prize to a reporter, which went to Raymond Sprigle of The Pittsburgh Post-Gazette for his series of articles exposing the fact that Mr. Justice Black was once a member of the Ku Klux Klan. Mr. Sprigle turned an open secret into a proved fact, in articles written in mediocre English. His series was less an adventure in journalism than in politics, since it derived its importance almost entirely from an effort to "smear" a Roosevelt appointment, not from the intrinsic importance of the subject. The public has never been told how much of his own research work Mr. Sprigle did, and to what extent he received the favors of politicians seeking to harm the administration. American journalism is not in a crusading mood these days; few campaigns of any sort are undertaken, a fact which may help to explain the award to Mr. Sprigle.

## May Day and the Peace Strikes

On April 27 several hundred thousand students in schools and colleges all over the country walked out of their 11 o'clock classes to participate in the fifth annual peace strike. The strike has never had more pertinency but, because of the split of opinion among the students, it was this year somewhat less effective than in the past. The earlier demonstrations had as their rallying point the dramatic Oxford Pledge, denouncing all wars fought by imperialist nations. This year most of the students who struck for "peace" are for war against the Fascist nations, a war to be fought, if possible, with the economic weapons of a collective-security policy. On some campuses competing peace meetings were held to present the opposite point of view; on others the differences of opinion on how peace may be obtained simply dampened the enthusiasm for the meetings. The original idea of the student strike, a vigorous mass protest against war as a method of solving international conflicts, has almost been forgotten.

May Day celebrations all over the world reflected a multitude of causes to march for and banners to follow. A million workers marched through Red Square in Moscow with accompanying vast quantities of motorized artillery, tanks and war planes. Adolf Hitler seized the occasion to boast of the achievements of Nazism. Demonstrators in London denounced the Chamberlain government, while Parisians pledged their support to the Popular Front. In New York the Socialist and Communists held separate parades and Grover Whalen organized his huge "motorcade" of gay floats and bored soldiers to celebrate the fact the New York World's Fair is just a year away.

## The Socialists Convene

The Socialist Party recently concluded its national convention in Kenosha, Wisconsin. The chief business of the meeting was the formulation of policy on three important questions: labor unity, anti-war activity and the participation of Socialists in labor's political parties. The first two issues found the convention in agreement. The vote was strongly for unity between the A. F. of L. and the CIO and opposed to the formation of a permanent federation of the CIO before further peace negotiations with the A. F. of L. have taken place. The Socialists' historic stand against all capitalist wars, substantially that expressed in the St. Louis declaration of 1917, was reaffirmed by the 1938 convention. Collective action by the democratic nations failed to find a single defender. The party places its reliance upon working-class action to resist war; it condemns the administration's efforts to build a powerful war machine and demands a political fight against "Roosevelt and his henchmen" as a way to fight against war.

The third issue, the question of Socialist coöperation in labor parties, split the convention into two camps. One group wanted Socialist entrance into labor parties with the reservation that Socialist candidates be run on their own ticket if the labor party supported candidates who were at the same time the nominees of old, capitalist parties. The other group favored a policy of working within the labor party against the nomina-

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tion of candidates with other affiliations, but held that, if unsuccessful in this, the Socialists should nevertheless support the labor ticket. Although such leading party figures as Norman Thomas and Mayor Daniel W. Hoan of Milwaukee argued in favor of the latter principle, the convention voted for conditional participation. In New York the application of this decision probably means that the Socialist affiliation with the American Labor Party cannot be effected, at least so long as the ALP continues to endorse candidates who are also the nominees of the old-party machines.

### A Catholic in Public Office

Samuel J. Foley, District Attorney of the Bronx, New York City, is one of the law officers who banned the sale of the issue of Life containing stills from the motion picture, "The Birth of a Baby." As a result of his action, the publisher of the magazine, Henry R. Luce, was brought into court on a charge of distributing obscene literature. Before the case had been heard, Mr. Foley, speaking at a public meeting of a Catholic society, repeatedly boasted that he had acted not merely as an American but as a Catholic. Mr. Foley's attitude seems to us both wrong and unwise. As a Catholic, he has the right to attempt to persuade members of his own church not to read what he regards as improper literature; but what he has done, by his own confession, is to use his legal position to enforce as a Catholic a legal restriction forbidding Catholics and non-Catholics alike to see something to which Mr. Foley objects (and something that the editors of The New Republic believe to be entirely harmless). The Catholics constitute only one-sixth of the population of the United States. If they insist on making a political issue of Catholicism, as they now give every evidence of doing, they may unleash forces that can only result in great damage to the Church.

### News Notes of a Week

Another week of the wars in China and Spain produced no striking military results. In China, the position of the Japanese is growing more serious, since the strain on their economy at home is continually becoming more severe. In Spain, the Loyalists, with fresh supplies of equipment, are putting up a vigorous resistance, and even the Rebels' own spokesmen now admit that the war may last until next autumn or winter. . . . Germany has withdrawn from the New York World's Fair, no doubt partly because of her lack of foreign exchange, but also because Secretary Ickes continues to withhold the helium for her dirigibles. The Germans moved toward confiscation of the property of alien Jews as well as those resident within her borders. . . . By a new decree, all French taxes were increased eight percent. . . . The Catholic Church in Mexico supported the campaign for popular contributions to reimburse foreign owners of oil properties.

At home, the Rules Committee of the House of Representatives refused to report out the wages-and-hours bill. President Roosevelt appealed for action by the House itself. . . . The Senate voted to forbid battleships larger than 35,000 tons unless there is evidence that some other nation is exceeding that limit. . . . Harry Hopkins emphasized the fact that WPA workers must be put under no pressure in regard to how they vote. . . . A group of business leaders, who had been rounded up with great difficulty, signed a milk-and-water statement that they would coöperate with the administration. . . . The State Department, at the request of Representative Byron Scott, named Italy and Japan as having violated treaties.

## The Progressives and the Future

GOVERNOR PHILIP LA FOLLETTE'S ADDRESS inaugurating the new National Progressive Party is a mixture of commendable enthusiasm, indisputable truths and practical vagueness. As such it is an effective political speech. But it leaves us in considerable doubt as to what is in his mind.

It is true that democracy can survive only with difficulty, if at all, in an economy of artificial scarcity, where opportunity for self-support and advancement does not exist for millions. It is also true that capitalism of the old kind has failed to supply a remedy. When government steps in, it offers an unsatisfactory palliative if it merely provides relief, and is positively injurious when it abets a general restriction of production. What, then, is to be done? Here Governor La Follette is almost content with saying that if the government is earnest enough about doing something, it will find a way.

He does give a few more definite hints. The right way, he insists, is not socialism, because socialism implies equality of reward for different contributions. But of course socialism does no such thing. Neither in socialist theory, nor in the one going socialist state, does equality of reward prevail. Governor La Follette then comes out flatly for complete public ownership of banks and credit. There is much to be said for this as one of the first steps in a socialist program—it is, for instance, a principal item on the agenda of the British Labor Party. But to socialize credit without doing anything further would scarcely help a situation like the present. Our existing depression is not due to private control of the banks; credit is potentially more abundant than ever before in our history. Mr. La Follette also points out the possibilities of putting capital to work through such means as a big housing program. In this all progressives agree with him. The only real contribution he has to make to a program, therefore, comes down to something that the President has often supported, but has done too little about and too late.

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The way to assess the projected new party, however, is not by its slogans but by its significance for practical politics. The progressive enthusiasm that Mr. Roosevelt has canalized is by way of leveling out. Here is a possible new channel for it, unblocked by defeat or failure. Mr. Roosevelt's ineffectiveness in bringing nearer an economic and social millennium is partly due to the deficiencies of his program. In this respect we cannot honestly say that the new party yet offers anything better. But Mr. Roosevelt's growing ineffectiveness in carrying out those of his recommendations that would help is due to the split in his own party, the conservative wing of which is fully as representative of unenlightened obstruction as the Republicans ever were. Here the Progressives can be of real use. They offer the possibility of a united and determined substitute for the sleazy and shoddy fabric of the old Democratic Party.

The existence of this new bid for power offers a healthy threat to the Democratic leaders and to Mr. Roosevelt himself. It is an embodiment of wholesome pressure for action in a slightly leftward direction. If the conservatives continue to block the President's measures, if he retreats before them, and if the Party comes into the next campaign with a record of having fumbled the ball and with an offer of a conservative or a nondescript candidate, the new party will undoubtedly be in the field and cause the Democrats to lose the election. Governor La Follette has made it necessary for the Democrats to keep going in order to remain in power. The time to apply such a spur was certainly at hand.

# The Franco-British Alliance

EUROPE HAS JUST WITNESSED two more important events in the field of international relations. Great Britain and France have strengthened their understanding and extended it into a definite military alliance; each has promised to come to the aid of the other if attacked by any third power. In Rome, Hitler and Mussolini have been going through the elaborate mumbo-jumbo of a visit by one dictator to another. The press, we may be sure, will be filled with statements that the Rome-Berlin axis is as strong as ever or stronger—statements which mean exactly nothing.

Nations do not change their attitudes overnight; the world has long known that England would come to the aid of France in case of a German attack. What was doubtful was whether the British would do anything if Hitler moved against Czechoslovakia, to whom France is heavily committed. The utmost Chamberlain has heretofore said is that while he would make no definite promise to interfere, he would make no definite promise to abstain. This negative attitude is now transformed into a positive one. Great Britain and France, acting together, will bring the utmost pressure, short of military force, on Hitler to seek a peaceful solution of the problem of the German-speaking minority in Czechoslovakia. If they succeed, they will also have blocked the *Drang nach Osten*, since Czechoslovakia is, as Major Eliot has termed her, the bastion of Europe. Hitler cannot go down the Danube or into the Ukraine so long as that bastion holds out.

It is now clear that the Chamberlain policy has succeeded in isolating Germany at least for the present. England and France together have an overwhelming military advantage, and this becomes even more important if Italy stands with them. To gain this advantage, Chamberlain has sacrificed Spain to the Fascists, but the British Tories had decided on this many months ago and have been acting ever since to aid Franco and cripple the Loyalists.

What has Hitler to offer Mussolini in the effort to preserve the Rome-Berlin axis? Only the aid of a sick man to one still sicker. He can argue that Mussolini needs German financial, technical and military assistance in Spain, North Africa and Ethiopia. But Great Britain has a deeper purse than the Reich, and can meet Germany's offer in other ways. As for Spain, for example, Great Britain could probably persuade France to close the border to the Loyalists. She can, moreover, through her control of the sea, say whether German aid to Franco shall continue. Hitler can offer Mussolini a division of spheres of influence in the Balkans and on the Danube; but neither of these gentlemen trusts the other to live up to any such agreement. Actually, Hitler at the moment wants more from Mussolini than Il Duce wants from him. Hitler urgently desires a port on the Mediterranean—Trieste or some other, and Mussolini's consent must be gained.

Europe has now returned completely and openly to the balance-of-power philosophy from which it never, in fact, departed. The League of Nations is unlikely in the future to receive even lip-service. It is Britain and France against Germany, as it was in 1914. Soviet Russia, wisely or unwisely, is being left out of the calculation. An effort will of course be made to bring Germany into a four-power pact, but no matter how many such documents may be signed, the conflict of interest will continue. Britain and Germany will quarrel over African colonies, Germany and Italy over the hegemony of the Balkans, France and Italy over North Africa. Italy will continue in spite of everything, ready and able at a moment's notice to close the Mediterranean to British ships and thus block the way to India. In the short run, the outlook for peace seems fairly good, while the jockeying for position still continues. In the long run, it is bad and will continue bad unless the common people rise up in protest against old-fashioned diplomacy exercised by old-fashioned diplomats, and demand a new order.

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# The Attack on Monopoly

At last we have definite information concerning the administration's anti-monopoly policy. The New York speech by Thurman W. Arnold, Assistant Attorney General, outlined what it intends to do under existing law, and the President's message what it intends to do in the way of amending the law. The two pronouncements dovetail beautifully, and together constitute a more realistic attack on the problem than government has undertaken for many years.

First let us examine what Mr. Arnold said. He is not concerned about the morals of monopoly, or the old doctrine of conspiracy, which judges the legality of an action not so much by its results as by its intent. He is concerned about monopoly wherever it tends to raise prices unduly and make them rigid, thus interfering with production and employment. He accepts the standard economic theory that if price flexibility cannot be achieved by competition, it must be sought by governmental control. The policy of the administration, under him, will be neither to punish wrongdoers nor be tender to them out of feelings of righteousness, but to attempt to remove obstructions from the working of our economy.

How is this policy to be pursued? The Department of Justice must, in the nature of the case, exercise a good deal of discretion as to the cases of suspected monopoly to be investigated or prosecuted. It will choose those in which a positive gain seems to be in prospect according to the lines laid down above, and regardless of the intent of the suspected monopolists. It will publicly explain why these cases are chosen and what result the legal action, if successful, may hope to achieve. It will also explain what damage is being done that cannot be touched by enforcement of the present law. This action will set influences at work in three directions at once. It will help the documentation and definition of an intelligible line of action on the part of the government. It will inform business men, in advance of their possible decisions, concerning what kind of behavior may subject them to prosecution. And it will inform Congress of the need for new laws in specific types of cases, where enforcement of the existing law will not fill the bill.

The best feature of this policy is that it does not regard the monopoly problem as a single, indivisible whole, to be cured by a blanket remedy. Every student of the subject has had to understand that the situation is extremely complex and that different types of remedies are to be sought in different instances. Here, for example, is an agreement in restraint of trade which really can be dissolved so that competition would work to keep prices more flexible. Here is another monopoly which cannot be dissolved under the existing law, but can be curbed or prevented from using certain damaging methods. Here is still another which might legally be broken up, but as a practical matter will function better for the public welfare if it is kept and regulated. Here is a fourth which may violate a technical provision of the anti-trust law but which, as a matter of fact, is innocuous. Only close investigation will discover which is the case in each type of industrial situation, and only public education will enable us to distinguish whether prosecution and punishment, new legislation or non-interference would be of most benefit in each.

The President's message is similarly realistic. It proposes, not new legislation at once, but an investigation in preparation for legislation. It raises the issue, not merely of monopoly in the old-fashioned sense, but of concentration of control and of industrial wealth through a variety of devices, such as holding companies, banking control, inter-corporate directors and the like. We really need to know more before a definite improvement in the law can be made. And we need to recognize that the problem cannot now be stated in the old simple terms of competition versus monopoly.

Nothing is more futile than the cry against government interference with business, as if this were the same as intervention with a competitive system that would operate satisfactorily according to the economic laws of laissez-faire if the government did nothing. The truth is that the chief interferences with competition have come, not from government but from private business and financial organization. Government intervention is essential, either to make competition work or to provide some substitute. The chances are that in some instances it can do the first, and in some must do the second, but cannot do both everywhere. That fact is what makes all the old formulas inapplicable.

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# "Red" Greetings to Nippon

When Japan says that she is fighting China because that country is communistic, she utters a deliberate falsehood. The Chinese government is not communist, and never has been. While the Chinese Communists have controlled an important amount of territory, they have never made any real attempt to put their principles into practice outside of the districts they occupied. At their most radical, they were no more intransigent than the British Labor Party. In the agreement made with the Chiang Kai-shek government the Communists asked an end of the civil war, restoration of freedom of speech, firm resistance to Japan and a return to the principles of Sun Yat-sen. Nanking in return asked that the Red Army have its name changed, that Soviet China yield fully to the central authority, that the principles of bourgeois democracy be followed and that there should be a halt in the expropriation of the landlords and the distribution of the land. The agreement has been carried out. The Red Army has become the Eighth Route Army and a great affliction of the Japanese.

Today the Eighth Route Army, after more than seven months' fighting with the Japanese, is the largest route army in China. Its forces have more than doubled since the beginning of the war. Its arms and munitions have also increased—replenished partly by the Japanese, partly by salvaging some of the supplies and arsenal stores abandoned by fleeing provincial troops. It has inflicted more punishment on its enemy, with fewer losses of its own, than any other army in China. And the territory in which it lives, operates and apparently thrives, with regular radio and courier communications maintained between its numerous units and Hankow, is half of it already claimed to be "conquered" by the Japanese.

Last September I was in Shensi when Eighth Route Army men, 40,000 strong, left their base in that province to cross the Yellow River to the Shansi front. The army consisted of about two-fifths of the Communist strength then concentrated in the Northwest. Reporting for duty to the aged General Yen Hsi-shan, ruler of mountainous Shansi, they were promptly assigned the task of "defending" the northern districts near the Great Wall. Yen's own troops had already fled from those regions, down the main highways of which the Japanese penetrated in August, seizing the strategic passes and the one railway. Yet by November the Eighth Route Army had recovered twenty-six counties of northern Shansi and succeeded in confining the Japanese to their thin lines of communications.

By skillful maneuvering at the end of September the Reds got into position for a surprise attack on the flanks and in the rear of the crack Japanese Fifth Division, at Ping Hsin Pass on the Great Wall. In a swift, brilliant action they directly engaged the enemy infantry hand-to-hand. They killed, wounded or captured a total of more than 4,000 men, captured the Fifth Division headquarters with all its maps and documents, and part of the staff. The division commander barely escaped and the whole division was sent into a retreat that narrowly missed degenerating into a rout.

The battle of Ping Hsin Pass was the first important *victory* of Chinese arms in the war. It created a sensation throughout the country. Following up with a series of "short attacks," for which the Reds are famous, they managed to cut communications on three of the four Japanese columns in north Shansi, and surrounded and virtually isolated about 30,000 Japanese troops. It was after this, in November, that Taiyuanfu, capital of Shansi, finally fell to the invaders.

But the Eighth Route Army did not abandon its bases in the interior of north Shansi. Instead it pushed farther north into Chahar—and eastward into Hopei. In numerous large and small sorties and guerilla attacks on the Japanese flanks and rear the Communists had by December recovered a number of strategic positions, seized about 9,000 rifles, vast quantities of supplies, thousands of rounds of ammunition, a number of heavy field pieces, some 2,000 horses and mules, and captured or wrecked over a thousand Japanese trucks, tanks, motor cars and caissons. In a single spectacular raid, on October 18—as later admitted by the Japanese—a detachment of one battalion of Communists wrecked twenty-one Japanese planes grounded on an airfield at Yenmenpao, far behind the enemy lines.

Commanders Chu Teh and Peng Teh-huai and many other former "Red bandits" are now mounted on Australian horses captured from Japanese officers. The Reds have made friends of some of their Japanese captives. They claim to have converted them to Communist beliefs, and anyway take some of them on tour through the countryside, where they deliver anti-imperialist speeches, as part of the Eighth Route Army's educational campaign to arouse the will to fight of the masses. No other Chinese army has made use of such tactics.

Indicative of the security of the Eighth Route Army's bases in the interior of northern provinces is the testimony of Major Evans F. Carlson, intelligence officer of the United States Marine Corps in China. Major Carlson, one of the most courageous foreign military observers in China, last December went alone to Shansi, and was granted permission to travel with the Eighth Route Army. He thus became the first military attaché to visit Chinese Communists. On his return he reported early in March that forty-two

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counties of north Shansi and south Chahar—about four-fifths of the total area Japan claimed to have occupied there—were "under the protection of military units composed of the Eighth Route Army, people's militia and armed peasants."

Major Carlson found that the Communists moved freely back and forth across the Japanese-garrisoned railways, which they constantly attack. He himself crossed and recrossed such railways during his marching and riding over routes totaling some 800 miles—most of it far behind the Japanese lines. Large parts of Hopei and the majority of Shansi, he said, are not under Japanese occupation. The practical effects of occupation are felt only along the railways and truck roads. According to Major Carlson, the Eighth Route Army's control runs right across Hopei Province, to within areas only twenty miles south of Tientsin, North China's largest port. Peasants are very active in harrying Japanese communications, and spying.

The Eighth Route Army's successes in maneuvering warfare had profound effects on both Chinese and Japanese. Their demonstrations of the effectiveness of well organized, disciplined, politicalized, mass-backed guerilla tactics provided a source of encouragement and hope for the rest of China, tending to offset the bitter experiences at purely defensive positional warfare on the southern and eastern fronts, while it delayed the Japanese advance into Shansi.

In heavy and gallant but extremely costly positional war the Chinese Central armies lost Kiangsu and part of Anhui, and from 250,000 to 300,000 men during a period of five months—in killed, wounded, captured and missing. Losses on the Hopei and Shantung fronts were almost as great. And in both regions the Japanese had little difficulty in holding and consolidating their gains. The contrast with the results of combined offensive and defensive guerilla and positional warfare, as advocated and practised by the Eighth Route Army, was striking.

In Shansi, six months after the first enemy penetration, heavily reinforced Japanese activity was still restricted to the task of guarding and improving communication and supply lines, while no effective puppet governments could be established in the rural areas on account of the partisan operations. Except for main communication centers and railways the Eighth Route Army and irregular units held nearly the whole of Shansi. Moreover, they led partisans northward and eastward, arousing the people, between the main Japanese columns, so that Chinese irregulars actually held territory on the Japanese flanks and rear clear up to the outskirts of Peiping.

Eighth Route Army units suffered heavily. But because of their highly efficient mobility, and their tactics of avoiding or quickly terminating any engagement in which a speedy victory cannot be obtained, losses were kept down to a minimum. Because of the Communists' mastery of guerilla tactics, also, Japanese casualties in engagements with them have, according to their hospital statistics, averaged about five to one—a direct reversal of the ratio on other fronts.

Despite its losses, the main forces of the army had by February actually increased by over 30,000 men, so that it had become the largest route army in China. It had in addition mobilized thousands of small guerilla volunteer units from the youth of the farms and villages, given them anti-Japanese military and political training, and injections of intensive nationalist and anti-traitor propaganda. That, combined in some cases with reduced taxes and rents, requisitioning of traitors' property to establish village industries, etc., had made clear to the people the meaning of the war.

They "anti-Japanized" the whole countryside and prepared it to coöperate in a myriad ways, so that every district had its Young Vanguards, its Mobilization Committees, its Dare-to-Dies, its Anti-Traitor groups and its training schools for a dozen activities. Back in its Shensi-Kansu base the remainder of the former Red Army initiated a big mobilization plan, and vigorous mass military training. By March, its forces reportedly numbered 150,000 men.

Thus, to the Communists the war in some respects represents gains rather than losses. The fact that partisans now spread over most of Shansi and big parts of Hopei—provinces already claimed by Japan—is for them an advance. The interesting contrast in Kuomintang and Communist conceptions of the war, militarily and politically, is here strikingly suggested: that the former, once an area is penetrated by the Japanese, tend to regard it as lost to China, whereas to the Communists this means but the beginning of mass struggle.

The Communists do not see the decisive phases of the war in terms of great fixed battles and sieges of cities and positions over a period of weeks or months, but as the death agony of Japanese imperialism, doomed to failure in its quixotic efforts to master East Asia's half a billion men, and as a spatial war of maneuver on a heroic scale and over a period of years, not months. Hence, even the prospect of Japanese *penetration* of all China does not unduly alarm them, but implies the extension of mass revolutionary struggle on continental dimensions, in which they are convinced final victory will be theirs.

With the rapid fall of the government defense lines at Soochow, Chinkiang, Hangchow, Wuhu, Pengpu, Tsingtao, Tsinan and other big "treaty ports," the army and the people of the rest of China are gradually coming to share that conception of the war also.

In early months the government conducted its operations on purely defensive strategy by non-politicalized troops existing almost independently of the people, and the army had little organic connection with any popular movement. Efforts at mass organization and mass political and military training were suppressed by

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the Kuomintang—which still had hopes of a compromise peace with Japan. With the realization that it is now a war to the end, for survival, greater heed is taken of the people's demand for organization.

Because of popular demand, because of the real increase in the relative political and military power of the Communists, and because of the government's need for all the help it can obtain from the Soviet Union, recent political reorganization in China has given the once maligned "Red bandits" respectability and increased influence in both the Central Government and the conduct of military tactics and strategy.

The Communist leaders Chu Teh, Peng Teh-huai and Lin Piao have been appointed to the advisory council. Other prominent Communists have been given important political responsibilities. The Communist Party has now established its open, legal existence, and the Eighth Route Army has branches in many cities outside its own immediate territory. Communist newspapers and magazines are published in Hankow, the center of nationalist China, and enjoy a wide legal circulation. Communist propagandists and organizers are increasingly active in mass organization in complete coöperation with the Kuomintang. New guerilla armies are being created under Communist Party leadership.

Meanwhile, there seems to be no reason whatever to doubt that the Communists intend to maintain their agreement with the Kuomintang and loyally support the United Front under the Generalissimo's command. They understand—and have repeatedly stressed—that any other course would be disastrous for China—and for themselves. Their agitation for a more representative and democratic government will continue, but there is little likelihood of any attempt at a *coup d'état*, or an attempt to seize control of the government by force, or impose a change in policies by anything but legal methods—as long as resistance continues. Today in fact a *coup d'état* could only be conceived in terms of leadership by disgruntled anti-Communist, anti-Chiang Kai-shek elements of the Kuomintang, in coalition with puppet groups of Chinese organized in Japanese-occupied territory.

Communists as well as Kuomintang people need the continued sympathy of the democracies, especially Great Britain and America. They will take no step likely to jeopardize China's chances of support from them. Russia's help also is explicitly conditioned by the strengthening of Chinese unity, rather than its fracture by inter-party struggle—and also by at least tacit Anglo-American approval of such help.

But Chinese Communists are convinced that the objective conditions growing out of the processes of the war itself will inevitably force upon the government their anti-feudal and anti-imperialist program of national independence. Developments to date suggest that this conviction may prove to be as well founded as was their assumption, two years ago, that the Japanese invasion itself was "inevitable." EDGAR SNOW

# The Germans and the Czechs

CONRAD HENLEIN'S SPEECH on April 24 reverberated through Europe like a cannon shot. It had been widely believed that Hitler would move against Czechoslovakia next, but that his action would be delayed for many months while he proceeded to digest Austria. But Henlein is only an errand-boy for Hitler, and his speech, with its peremptory demands, sounded like (as it was indeed described in Berlin) an ultimatum with a time limit attached. He asked complete autonomy and equality for the Germans in Czechoslovakia. He virtually ordered the Prague government to swing into line with Hitler, or take the consequences. Not since Japan's twenty-one demands upon China can one recall an equally drastic challenge to one sovereign state by another.

In these circumstances, it is appropriate to ask what are the facts about the treatment of the Germans by the Czechs. What is their real economic and political status? What truth is there in the claim that they are victims of discrimination?

To arrive at an accurate understanding of the situation as it actually is calls for some knowledge of Czech history prior to the formation of the republic. One needs too a picture of the lay of the lands of Bohemia, Moravia, Silesia, Slovakia and Sub-Carpathian Russia which comprise Czechoslovakia today. Bohemia, forming the western end of the country, is ringed with forested mountains, the Krusne Hory and Sudetes on the north, the Hercyn range to the south. Encircled by these is the rich farming plain, striped with wheat fields and plantations of sugar beets, sprinkled with old towns whose dark towers and fortified gates guarded one of Europe's oldest trade routes, "The Golden Path." This ran out of Germany, across Bohemia, through the Sumava and the mountains to the south, to the Danube. The early western Slavs blazed it first, going to Passau for salt. The trade caravans of the merchant princes of Dresden, Nürnberg and Leipzig took it in Germany's first *Drang nach Osten*. To house the merchants, to protect their goods, the towns sprang up. And into them, servants of those merchants, came the first of Bohemia's "German minorities." From that time the battle between Germans and Austrians and the Czechs for supremacy in Bohemia has gone on constantly, with the victory lying now on one side, now on the other. During the

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three centuries of Austrian domination which were terminated by the proclamation of the republic, the great industrialization of Bohemia began. Of all Austrian industries, 56.8 percent were located in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia. With the formation of the republic, these factories, which make that region one of the most industrialized parts of all Europe, presented the new government with the problem of finding markets for goods to enable the factories to keep going.

From them, and from the scores of cottage industries in the villages in the mountains, comes the flood of toys, buttons, novelties, etc., that have made the legend "Made in Czechoslovakia" famous. Before the World War these same articles were labeled "Made in Germany," or "Made in Austria," and were promoted by capital from Vienna and Berlin. The record of the Czechs in working up markets for their goods and in keeping the factories going is amazing in view of the paralysis of European capital after the War, and the loss of former markets in Austria and Germany. The depression in the United States and the confusion in the Orient naturally made devastating inroads into Czech commerce and presented the republic with an unemployment problem. For obvious reasons this has been more acute in the industrialized—and German—areas than in the agricultural regions. But the blame for this can hardly be laid on the Prague government, nor be presented to the world as evidence of discrimination against a minority.

Nor is the oft-heard statement of the Nazi propagandists that government posts are closed to Germans borne out by facts. The most recent statistics reveal that among the employees of the Department of Justice, 11.8 percent are German. Of the judges and public prosecutors, 22.6 percent are German. Among public-health and clerical officials, as many as 25 percent, and of the employees of the postal, telegraph and telephone systems, 10.39 percent are German. If this is unfair discrimination against a minority, what are the Nazi regulations covering the civil services in the Reich?

No more can it be called a wily, though late, attempt on the part of the Czechs to whitewash former misdeeds. The statistics give proof of the fact that in Czechoslovakia, as in all Central European countries which are a Babel of Slav, Magyar and Rumanian dialects, a knowledge of German, which is Mittel-Europa's language of commerce, is an incalculable asset that more often than not is a balance in favor of one man's getting the job over another. The Czechs and Slovaks in all public services must speak German as well as their mother tongue.

I myself, with no more Slav on my tongue than Chinese, have traveled alone the length and breadth of the republic, have spent days in remote villages and tramped with a rücksack through the Vysoke and Nizke Tatry. Only once was my resurrected boarding-school German inadequate to a situation. The station master of Mukacevo, in sub-Carpathian Russia, scratched his ear, not understanding my attempt to explain that I wanted the big suitcase sent to Kosice, to which I was going. Apologizing for his linguistic failure—and with no hint that it might be my own—he went out and fetched the driver of the town's one taxi to act as interpreter.

By law, all members of a minority, in a district in which the minority numbers 20 percent of the population, may use its own language in the courts and in all public offices, and all matters concerning the members of the minority must be treated in their own tongue. In districts where the minority numbers less than 20 percent, the law provides that no disadvantage shall accrue to any person through ignorance of the official language.

In effect, the entire republic is bilingual, except in some of the German villages in the Krusne Hory where the people have been too lazy or too scornful to learn Czech. The menu cards at station restaurants present every traveler with a choice of tongues—never fewer than three, sometimes five. At the bottom of every card, regardless of whether the assortment is Czech, German, Magyar; Czech, German, Slovak; Czech, German, Magyar, Ruthenian, runs one inevitable line: HAMANDEGGS.

The impression, broadcast by Berlin, is that the children of Germans in Czechoslovakia lack school privileges in their own language. But actually, Dr. Emil Franke, Minister of Education, points out that of the upper elementary schools there are 455 in which German is the medium of instruction, as compared to 1,514 in which instruction is given in the Czechoslovak language. The average number of children attending these schools is 239 to each Czechoslovak school; 188 to each of the German ones. Since the birth rate among Germans in the republic is decreasing, it actually works out that the German children are better provided for in the elementary schools than are the children of the Czech majority.

Prague has its historic German university, the oldest north of the Alps and the only one, for many years, in which students of every nation and race had equal opportunity. Its record for religious and political tolerance is its proudest possession, once envied by Heidelberg and Leipzig. The state monies expended there are actually in the proportion of 96.4 for each Czechoslovak student to 113.9 for each German.

These simple facts and figures come like a cooling breeze after the heated rhetoric of Hitler's speeches, and Deputy Henlein's efforts to foment discontent within the borders of the republic. Naturally there is discontent. As where not? It is certainly not unknown within the Reich, though it is spoken in whispers. But the actual basis of discontent among the German minority in Czechoslovakia is tantamount to the cause

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for grumbling on the part of Democrats in an inveterately Republican county.

There is still talk about the "good old days" before the War, the days of Austrian dominance. I remember an erstwhile captain of cavalry I met in Pisek, to which town he and his wife had retired to live on a pittance in a house inherited from her father. Given an opening, they recreated the past glories of Vienna, and the pleasure of vacations in picturesque Pisek, "when the Czechs knew their place and stepped off the sidewalk when we passed by." But this residue of resentment is scarcely enough to warrant the Nazi demands for autonomy for the German minority. If one could give that by following the example of Cinderella's ugly sisters and paring a slice off the western heel of the republic, thereby making the slipper a better fit on the aching Czechoslovak foot, it would be very simple. But unfortunately for such proposals, the German villages in the Sudetes and Krusne Hory and through the Sumava are interspersed with Czech villages and farm lands; and the Czechs' tenure antedates that of the Germans by hundreds of years.

To adopt such an expedient would be only to switch the vexing problem of minorities. So far the Czechs have shown themselves better at handling minorities than has Nazi Germany.

DOROTHY GILES

# Federal Poets: An Anthology

*This brief anthology of poets connected with the Federal Writers' Project was selected and edited with the help of Sol Funaroff.* —THE EDITORS

## Dear Noel Coward

You know the men, deliberately gay,
Who sleep within the eager hum of dawn:
Whose hearts and minds find, prematurely gray,
The cross between a snicker and a yawn.
You know the women playing with remorse,
The ladies, suave and secretly afraid,
Compared to whom, Godiva on her horse
Would seem a damsel sumptuously arrayed.
Rust gathers on the knives, amusements bring
Remembrance often vague and mortified.
It is not easy to relax and sing,
With inward loneliness abruptly spied.
There is a vengeance destined for those men
Who flippantly ignore injustice, pain.
The acid into which they dip their pen
Sinks into age and weakens them again.
The battle-lines of conscience against greed,
The wounded unassuming happiness,
The great laugh-shattering sorceries that breed
An orchid, brass-band version of success—
They slumber deep within you, under storms
Of flatteries, and wait for ending, shape,
In that cold hour where decision forms,
Certain and terrible, beyond escape.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM

## Break of Day

Big Jess fired on the Alabama Central,
Man in full, babe, man in full.
Been throwing on coal for Mister Murphy
From times way back, baby, times way back.

Big Jess had a pleasing woman, name of Mamie,
Sweet-hipted mama, sweet-hipted Mame;
Had a boy growing up for to be a fireman,
Just like his pa, baby, like his pa.

Out by the roundhouse Jess had his cabin,
Longside the tracks, babe, long the tracks,
Jess pulled the whistle when they highballed past it,
"I'm on my way, baby, on my way."

Crackers craved the job what Jess was holding,
Times right tough, babe, times right tough,
Warned Jess to quit his job for a white man,
Jess he laughed, baby, he jes' laughed.

He picked up his lunch-box, kissed his sweet woman,
Sweet-hipted mama, sweet-hipted Mame,
His son walked with him to the whitewashed palings,
"Be seeing you soon, son, see you soon."

Mister Murphy let Big Jess talk on the whistle,
"So long, sugar baby, so long, babe";
Train due back in the early morning,
Breakfast time, baby, breakfast time.

Mob stopped the train crossing Black Bear Mountain,
Shot rang out, babe, shot rang out.
They left Big Jess on the Black Bear Mountain,
Break of day, baby, break of day.

Sweet Mame sits rocking, waiting for the whistle
Long past due, babe, long past due.
The grits are cold and the coffee's boiled over,
But Jess done gone, baby, he done gone.

STERLING A. BROWN

## Bulletin

No violence
feeling may run high for a time but remember, no violence, and hurry,
this moment of ours may not return

But we will meet again? Yes, now go,
take only the latest instruments, use trained men in conservative tweeds who know how to keep their mouths shut
the key positions must be held at all costs
bring guns, ropes, kerosene, it may be hard to persuade our beloved leader there must be no violence,

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No violence, nothing left to chance, no hysteria and above all no sentiment,
the least delay, the slightest mistake means the end, yes, the end.

Why are you worried? What is there to be worried about,
it's fixed, I tell you, fixed, there's nothing to it,
listen

We will meet across the continents and years at 4 A. M. outside the Greek's when next the barometer reads 28.28 and the wind is from the South South East bringing rain and hail and fog and snow
until then I travel by dead reckoning and you will take your bearing from the stars
I cannot tell you more except this

When you give the sign our agent will approach and say: "Have you seen the handwriting?"
then your man is to reply: "We have brought the money,"
so we will make ourselves known to each other, and it will be the same as before, better perhaps, and we will say goodbye as before, and it will be O.K.
now go

But what if the police find out? What if the wires are down? What if credit is refused? What if war breaks out? What if one of us should die?
What good is all this to you, or to us, or to anyone? Think of the price

What are you trying to do, be funny? This is serious
hurry
we must be prepared for anything, anything, anything.

KENNETH FEARING

## The Uprising of the Flowers or, It Had to Win

The flowers rose.
They swept away their thorns.
They wanted dew on their own terms.
Men trod around them, from then on, only with their specific consent,
So specific the sky became visibly geometrical.
The red flowers were first.
The red and white were second.
Violets were insistent.
Jonquils were amazed at their courage.
Geraniums were generals.
There was a tumult of stamens and petals.
The revolution had begun.
Meadows were frightened at the turmoil.
The revolution was against themselves.
It had to win.

ELI SIEGEL

## Song for a Lute Book

The sea is quiet, the wind gives over,
The still heat descends,
Deer drowse in the tamarisk cover,
Where the land ends.

Close to each other on the last crest
We lie stretched prone,
Watching the sun carry slowly west
The immense noon.

The day with imperceptible motion
Declines its light,
Until, on Atlantic shores of ocean,
Steps the night.

Suddenly we know daylight slipping
Between the trees
And feel bright dawn awake the sleeping
Antipodes.

KENNETH REXROTH

## Some Women

Some women are
in their division made more.
It is not in their native store
of simple breast and granted hair
that they containéd are.
Unspent they waste: self's emphasis
sounding the need, and the unresolved duress.

But in the love that plunges to the bone,
securing all; in heart and breath plundered:
restored, they grow. The body squandered,
confused with stranger wills, is theirs to own.

Not this, to its integrity surrendered,
and done to death—as by no other one.

HELEN NEVILLE

## No Season for Our Season

The little road grows narrow up the hill
Where lovers walk beyond the streetcar's end,
Two and two on pathways, bridges, beach:
Sky split with orange fire as big stars fall,

Streak heaven with a pen of rosy ink.
The violets and the crocus come to spring,
Sea turned to silver where the red sun sank:
But not the mouth of love again on spring.

Not now upon the evening, leafless street,
Sweet head, the violence of the Nordic eyes,
The image cast up from the nightmare sleep:
Beware of falling bricks, earthquakes, fires.

Catalpa and ailanthus in backyards,
The striped deck chairs on tarpaper roofs,
The naked men sun-bathing, comic sheets,
And headlines of the bombing of the city.

Not summer, spring, not autumn, winter
(Soft snow shaken from the overcoat,
Wet feet from where the ice broke on the stream)
No season but we fear the shrapnel dream.

No fear but that we fear our very love,
The eyes that look upon the loving boy,
Sweet sickness on the subway, on the terrace,
The early sunlight perfumed with torn flesh.

Spring comes late. No season for our season.
Not love for lovers, not the hand to touch:

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The dark-haired breast upon the tender breasts,
The tongue upon the ear, upon the mouth.

Descending with the year, the gargoyle song,
The python hiss gargantuan with hate,
Stand up and drain the very lung of love
Against the enemy before the gate.

WILLARD MAAS

## Sonnet

It will, by code of law, perhaps by gunfire, come
and come in a grand apocalypse of change—
New York will throb like a huge betrothal drum;
dream will be truth and truth will charge from its range
like stampeding steer. The wrongs that had no voice,
how they will spring into speech the way coils are sprung;
the rage in our veins how it will pulse and rejoice;
how in mind's midnight, fire-bells wild will be rung.
And if, by luck, by myth, by logic, we outlive
that day—shaking the five boroughs in the stride
of millions timed and triggered—we shall not grieve
for a generation cheated of youth and pride.
War-whelped of Versailles, we shall stand each one
between a world destroyed and a world begun.

A. T. ROSEN

## Legend Before Darkness

Forth from the forest's evergreen embrace,
From winter-darkened air, we plunged to see,
Below the cliff, the island's snowy face.
We cried for joy; we knew that we were free.
There were the friendly homes, clean white, with snow
Heaped over roof and field. And there the sweep
Of waters passed. Oh, we were quick to go
Down to that island; we were sick for sleep.

Sometimes in silence, when the brooding owl,
Above the gable in the snowy dark,
Repeats the ritual of man's fair and foul,
We think of that wild forest and the bark
Of wolves; and ask if still the primal dread
Ravens in countries that we loved and fled.

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING

## From "Dusk of the Gods"

Of my deep hunger
great dreams grew,
and I made of my ideal
my bread.

I stopped my tears
and God's wells ran dry,
of my disbelief
a desert bloomed.

I made of the truth
my sword of need,
I made of my anger
a battlefield;

and in my need
I knew no fear:
I swung my hammer,
their structures fell.

I stopped my labor,
machines were still,
and I made of their laws
a broken staff.

I drove the lender
from the land.
I gave the tiller
back his soil.
I gave the toiler
back his toil.

My field of war
was a growing field
where all my victories
were sown,

and I made of my joy
a harvest's yield.
My joy, it rose,
a new-found land.

S. FUNAROFF

## Contributors' Notes

MAXWELL BODENHEIM has gathered together a new volume of poems, his ninth, entitled "Winter in April."

STERLING A. BROWN, author of "Southern Road," a book of poems, won a Guggenheim fellowship last year. He is an adviser on Negro Affairs for the Federal Writers' Project in Washington, D. C.

KENNETH FEARING, author of two volumes of verse, "Angel Arms" and "Poems," also won a Guggenheim fellowship last year. He is now at work on a dictionary of trade jargon for the Writers' Project.

ELI SIEGEL won The Nation's Poetry Prize in 1925. He is writing a history of New York government offices for the Historical Records Survey of the Federal Arts Project.

KENNETH REXROTH, of California, was a leading member of the Objectivists' Group and has appeared in a number of little magazines. He is writing a book, "Camping in the Mountains," for the Federal Writers' Project.

HELEN NEVILLE has contributed to The Nation, The New Republic and American Stuff.

WILLARD MAAS, author of "Fire Testament," has contributed to The Virginia Quarterly, Life and Letters Today, The Nation, The New Republic, and is collecting a group of poems by Federal poets for the July number of Poetry.

A. T. ROSEN is completing a book of poems scheduled for publication in the late fall. In 1933 he privately published a book of his poems, "Prologomena."

HOWARD MCKINLEY CORNING, author of two volumes of verse, "These People" and "The Mountain in the Sky," worked on the Oregon Guide. He is now a supervisor of the Adult Education Program in Oregon.

S. FUNAROFF gathered and helped to edit this anthology. He writes: "I would like to demonstrate with this selection of verse the quality of the writing done by people employed by the Works Progress Administration, and thus help to show the genuine need and worth of a Bureau of Fine Arts. . . . The poets represented here have proved their usefulness to the federal government in more ways than one, as a glance at these brief notes about their work will indicate." His first book of poems, "The Spider and the Clock," is being published this month by International.

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# April Hopes in Madison

## *The National Progressives Are Launched*

No POLITICAL DEBUTANTE ever had a better prepared coming-out party than that of the National Progressives of America, at Madison, Wisconsin, on April 28. For some weeks beforehand invitations were sent out to join Governor Philip F. La Follette for luncheon at the Executive Building, at which gathering sentiment was tested and ideas exchanged among the old hands—the third-party hacks whom, as one of them, the present writer has been accustomed to meet since the Committee of Forty-eight in 1920. Moreover, the Governor delivered four radio addresses, April 19 to 22, in which, after dwelling with pardonable pride on the achievements of Wisconsin in promoting an efficient administration of the state government, he inquired: "If Wisconsin has done such a good job in other fields why cannot our state put its shoulder to the wheel and give us prosperity as well?" The answer was that the power to make or break prosperity is vested exclusively in the national government. The decision of those who had saved Wisconsin to enter the national field and save the country was unmistakable.

The advance agent's work was excellent, and the stage management of the occasion was equal to it. The demand for tickets was so great that the gathering originally scheduled for the University gymnasium was transferred to the Stock Pavilion. A half-hour before the time, the 3,500 seats were all filled; and although the evening was cold with spitting rain, a great crowd stood outside to hear the Governor through the loud speakers. Again and again the "W" men of the University of Wisconsin had to repel the enthusiastic attempts to crash the gates. The preliminaries had the evangelical flavor of the Bull Moose campaign, with singing of "America the Beautiful" and "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," varied by the alluring ditty, "If you want to be a badger, then come along with me." Apparently everyone wanted to and everybody did. In one respect only was there disappointment. There were few in attendance from outside of Wisconsin, and no national figure except A. A. Berle Jr. Mayor LaGuardia and John L. Lewis, who had been advertised by rumor, did not turn up.

The keynote speech by Judge Alvin C. Reis doubtless reflected the background of consideration and discussion, of hesitation and assurance, which preceded the decision to launch the ship. "I am here to speak for the Progressive Party of the United States," he declared. "That party will not be a creation of 1938. It will be erected as a monument to that unforgettable crusader and patriot, Robert Marion La Follette." Undoubtedly filial pride and filial responsibility had their part in the motivation of the movement. The chief obstacle was obviously President Roosevelt. Judge Reis called him one of the great Presidents of the United States (amid applause). "He saved us in 1933 from chaos." But, continued the speaker, he cannot be President forever. In view of the precedent against a third term, the chances are that he will not be a candidate in 1940. But whether he is or not, that should not stop us from putting the machinery into operation for use when it is required, that is, "when there are two candidates neither of whom is progressive."

From this it may be inferred that the new party is not necessarily committed to opposition to the President. Its strategy depends on the belief that the Democratic Party in 1940 will split formally, as it has already done in fact. A new party may even hasten that division by pushing Roosevelt farther to the left. One warning in Judge Reis's speech was unmistakable. "Nothing," he said, "would drive people into a third party so quickly as an offensive war. An administration that was responsible for a war, except for genuine defense, would go down to defeat."

When Judge Reis introduced Phil La Follette the audience rose, but Phil with his characteristic gesture of waving his hands beside his head cut short the greeting and went to it. A young man, just forty-one, short, slight, straight, with a bush of graying hair, a flashing eye, a pleasant, cheerful, ringing voice, he is so precisely the image of what his father was in 1900 that the veterans of the old campaign, massed in a semicircle behind the stage, to whom Phil referred in tones that shook with feeling, as "Men and women who began this fight before I was born," must have thought they witnessed a reincarnation.

Phil began by pointing out that people do not willingly desert the ways of freedom, but only when confused and bewildered, they cannot make intelligent decisions. The failure to produce enough real wealth to support a high and secure standard of living is the cause of this confusion and despair. "American freedom is rooted in American abundance." Put America to work. Capitalism served this purpose while the individual had access to undeveloped natural resources. The passing of the frontier marked the end of the old capitalism, but a new frontier is before us with greater possibilities than the old. "The sound investment of capital will again create increasing demand for what we can produce." With socialism, somewhat naïvely defined as equality of reward, he contrasted Americanism as equality of opportunity. Both fascism and com-

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munism are founded on the principle that a few (from the top or the bottom) shall rule by force. "We are not at a crossroad. We cannot turn to capitalism or to socialism, to fascism or communism. *We are near the end of a road.* The time has come when a *new* trail must be blazed—a trail which will take the teachings of the past and apply them to the modern world."

The expansion of production by utilization of natural resources and man-power was the positive note of the speech. "We cannot share wealth unless we produce enough real wealth to share." The speaker decried those impertinent questioners who ask how this is to be done under a system which is geared to profits, with prices depending on scarcity. He argued with some force that we learn by doing, and cited the establishment of social services in Wisconsin by the trial-and-error method. Without being too specific, he suggested radical action against the *beati possedentes* who stand in the way of progress—"economic savages." He referred to the immense load of debt—one-third of our resources mortgaged—with a suggestion of the liquidation of the rentier class. The rehabilitation of the railroads by new bond issues, given priority over the old; a housing program within the framework already set up for such public improvements as sewers and streets, the work to be done by contract at the cheapest rates—these were concrete suggestions to give new capital a chance. But Phil's emphasis was on the will, not the way.

These proposals are all matters of national economy, and hence the necessity for national organized action. "For ten years the Republicans and the Democrats have been fumbling the ball—because neither of them is united upon any program. The political lines were marked in 1860. They have nothing to do with 1938. The real division is between the earners on one side and the collectors on the other." The Democratic Party, with its dissensions, offers the American people no way out. In an elegiac strain and with real regret Phil spoke of the fact, tragic but true, that the Roosevelt administration has dissipated gifts of leadership in following a course so confused that no one can tell whither it leads. Otherwise the Democrats would not have followed it. He spoke of the difficulties of building a new party, difficulties so immense that no one would confront them out of mere personal ambition.

There is *no other* course. The time has come when an entirely new movement must go forth to fight for what we believe. A movement founded upon a base as wide as America itself—upon the young and old, farmer, worker, business man, doctor, dentist, lawyer, teacher and homemaker—upon all who are determined to secure and preserve the right of a free people to work and by their work to add to the wealth of the country.

A new movement—the National Progressives of America—is under way. A beginning has been made here and now. Not in 1944, not in 1940, but now in 1938. The National Progressives of America are now organized. State by state we shall build as rapidly as firm foundations can be laid. Definitely and irrevocably we are in the lists to stay until the American people recapture their heritage. Make no mistake. This is not a *third* party. As certain as the sun rises we are launching *the party* of our time.

The emblem of the new party is a black cross on a white ground, surrounded by a red circle—the mark which the voter makes on his ballot, the symbol of democratic equality. Its platform consists of six articles and runs the gamut from the economic realism of Article I: "The ownership and control of money and credit, without qualification or reservation, must be under public and not private control," to the theological romanticism of Article VI which discusses the divine purpose in regard to the Western Hemisphere. It contained a definite declaration against "every form of coddling or spoon-feeding the American people—whether it be those on relief—whether it be farmers or workers—whether it be business or industry."

It was a great speech. For an hour and forty minutes Phil held his audience of 7,000 to an attention that did not miss a word. If some were disappointed at the paucity of definite proposals, no one could have missed the main drift; and that clearly was all that the speaker intended to convey at this time. It was a frank offer of leadership in a direction which the United States must follow if the country is to escape black reaction which may end in a form of fascist control, or in the break-up of national unity. The psychological explanation of fascism is to be found in the continuance of a state of disillusionment, confusion, insecurity and despair which leaves the mass of the people without immunity from propaganda, easy victims to the gospel of Anti-Christ. That this is a real and present danger in this country is obvious enough. It is equally undeniable that there are sectional forces of a separatist tendency at work turning the country backward from the Constitution toward the Articles of Confederation. For a hundred years the United States had a bond of unity in the common possession of national resources typified by the frontier. Today, apart from a habit of thinking in patriotic terms, our unity depends on the cohesive forces of public plunder and federal relief. The situation demands a nation-wide movement toward reintegration and reformation.

Can Phil La Follette inspire the enthusiasm which will support with patience the inevitable dislocation of a long experience of the trial-and-error method? He has great personal gifts for leadership, courage, honesty, persistence, devotion to the common weal. Will his faith be able to move the mountains of selfishness and indifference that at present stand against our progress as a people? At the least we can fall back on the words of the apostle—"We are saved by hope."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

*Madison, Wis.*

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# Der Junge Otto

THIS IS for Otto G——, of East Ninetieth Street, New York City. I have been reading about you, Otto, in the newspapers.

You are the seventeen-year-old boy who wore a German Storm Trooper's uniform, complete with dagger, during the recent riot in the Yorkville Casino. When a group of members of the American Legion quarreled with the Nazis, you and your friends ganged up on them, about ten to one, and beat them so severely that the life of one of them was considered in some danger.

Next day, in police court, you received something that no longer exists in Germany for anybody: justice. Under parallel circumstances in your fatherland, you would have been sent to a concentration camp or something worse. In America, you were defended by a Jewish lawyer appointed by the court, and the magistrate, himself a war veteran, found you not guilty, as was obviously the case, of carrying a concealed weapon. I take it for granted that the lesson of this was lost on you and your fellow Nazis, swaggering around Yorkville, and that they regard you as a hero who frightened an American court into setting you free.

You have been in this country only three years and obviously, you don't understand America or anything about it. You were born in 1921, three years after the end of the Great War. In 1921, people were still close to starvation in Germany, pursued by the implacable hatred of men like Clemenceau and Poincaré. A good many babies born in Germany in 1921 had to be swaddled in paper, because there was no cotton or linen cloth available. It is fair to suppose that, like all your generation, you drew in hatred and terror with your mother's milk.

When you were old enough to toddle, the inflation took place and a whole nation was half-insane with the problem of trying to keep alive from day to day. Before you could speak clearly, Hitler had made his first unsuccessful attempt at revolution. Your entire childhood moved to the tramp of marching men in brown uniforms. While you were still young enough for playthings, Der Führer ruled the country, emperor in all but name, and as with another little corporal, a century and a quarter before him, his megalomania grew with feeding and was reflected in the nation.

During your most formative years you were fed lies, lies, and more lies, on the principle expounded by Der Führer in that astonishingly frank autobiography of his. Newspapers, magazines, books, the classroom, the radio, the street-corner orator all contributed humorlessly to a farrago of falsehood.

You were taught that Jews are unlike other people, that they have innate undesirable characteristics. It is not true.

You were taught that there exists an Aryan race, superior in every way to the rest of the world. There are no Aryans, and science has never been able to prove that any one race is fundamentally superior to any other.

You were taught that honor is something affected by what other people do to you, not by what you do to yourself; that force is its own justification, always and everywhere; that there is such a thing as Nazi truth, distinguished from and superior to other kinds of truth; that the state has a mystical entity of its own, greater than the sum of its parts and justly deserving unlimited sacrifice on the part of the individual member. You were taught a great deal more nonsense of the same kind while you were carefully insulated against the truth regarding both what happens within your own country and what takes place in the rest of the world.

This insulation has been so effective that in three years' time, here in America, no dent has been made in it. In a land where many men care about freedom, you maintain your allegiance to unfreedom. With the opportunity before you to learn the truth about Hitler and his doctrines and his acts, you keep your eyes closed. You strut and smirk and salute and wear your Storm Trooper's uniform with the dagger in the belt.

I have no wish to pillory an innocent seventeen-year-old boy; and I am sure you are innocent, Otto, the victim of forces that are beyond your control and mine. I have no doubt that your native stuff is as excellent and malleable as that of any other seventeen-year-old boy. If I speak of you it is as a result of something, not as a cause of anything.

For all this, I cannot help regarding you as a portentous figure. You are one of the first few in the advance guard of the new barbarism to stand in a place where civilization and the ancient values still mean something and to look with unseeing and contemptuous eyes at those values. It is not true, as Lord Grey once said, and was repeated the other day, that all over Europe the lamps are going out. All over Europe the lamps are being blown out, are being broken and trampled under foot, young Otto, by you and your kind. And the ensuing darkness will be no happier for you, in the long run, than for anyone else. If we oppose you, as we must, if we hope you will change when you have been longer in America, as we do, it is for your sake as well as our own.

BRUCE BLIVEN

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# Shoot the Works

## Phil La Follette Sounds Off

HENRY FORD and Little Phil discussed the fate of the nation on the same night and said about the same thing although La Follette worded himself rather more generously. Both men are set against new-fangled notions. Laissez-faire is a precise synonym for democracy in the Ford vocabulary and also in the platform of the National Progressives of America. They do not seem to recognize the effect of economic tides upon unemployment.

Everything is to be done by sterling character and it is just too bad about those who fail. The trouble with the jobless, according to Phil's philosophy, is that they just can't take it. The Governor of Wisconsin thumped a chest more hairy than that of Hoover as he declared for rugged individualism. Here is the way it is worded in part in the platform of the La Follette party:

> We flatly oppose every form of coddling or spoon-feeding the American people, whether it be those on relief, whether it be farmers or workers, whether it be business or industry. No government on earth can successfully manage, regulate and direct the numerous details that make for healthy families or successful business. . . . Whatever it may cost—so help us God—we shall use the power of these United States to restore to every American the opportunity to help himself. After that, he can sink or swim.

Young Bob and Little Phil are very chary in telling the members of their spoon-fed party just how this opportunity is to be restored. The Governor as spokesman calmly ignored the existence of the machine age and the highly specialized problems which it presents. He seems unwilling to admit that because of new efficiencies in production all the necessities, and indeed all the luxuries, of the nation could be produced and still leave a very considerable surplus of men and women without any tasks whatsoever save those of raking leaves.

The existence of overproduction Phil La Follette denies utterly. It is just underconsumption. But at no point in his speech did he attack the problem of distribution. Indeed he went so far as to advocate a lower unit wage for labor. It seems to be the notion of Little Phil that under a capitalist system every man and woman in the United States might well have an automobile if enough were manufactured. Just what delays those which are already standing in the stocks he does not explain.

The Wisconsin brothers testify to their implicit faith in capitalism. Indeed such modifications as are suggested in the keynote speech are extremely slight. This is no thunder on the left, but mere heat lightning well to the right of Roosevelt and the New Deal.

Socialism Governor La Follette dismissed briefly, scornfully and with a high degree of inaccuracy. He described it as a "philosophy that proposes to reward work and achievement on the same basis regardless of individual contribution. Experience demonstrates the dangers of giving 'to each according to his needs' rather than to each according to his contribution."

The keynote speech of Little Phil is sloppy in its composition and vague in thought. Accordingly, it is probably unfair to point out certain grim implications of his words no matter how logical those implications may seem. For instance, it is a fact beyond debate that in every nation there are many who are incapable of making any useful contribution whatsoever to the economic well-being of the country. There are always the sick and aged and maimed, but in addition we are accumulating many millions of unskilled workers whose services simply are not needed under a machine age and a capitalist system. I hardly think that the Governor of Wisconsin actually means that nothing should be furnished for their needs and that they should be rewarded only on the basis of their contribution.

Again a singularly sinister phrase crept into the party's platform. It was probably included out of carelessness rather than deliberate intent. In point five you will find: "We will build stockades and forts to protect industrious producers from raiding squads." It can hardly be that the La Follettes are actually holding out an olive branch to Tom Mercer Girdler. But Mr. Girdler has presented himself as an industrious producer who was raided by outside agitators who disturbed his business by trying to form a union. And he did build a stockade and the Governor of Ohio sent troops to man it.

But aside from what may be mere verbal slips, the keynote speech of the National Progressives of America manifests no understanding and no sympathy with the problems of labor. There are of course the usual bits of tapioca about the dignity and nobility of toil. There is, for instance, the bland declaration that there is no division between capital and labor. Phil even found occasion to sneer at "the popular front," and labor is accused of "seeking to maintain high unit costs, failing to see that the workers' real prosperity is founded on the total income for the entire year."

Yes, and let labor try and get it. Henry Ford, who boasts of his generosity to labor, has frankly said that never will he consent to an annual wage of $1,500. That is a little less than $30 a week, and try and raise a family on that minimum. One of the oldest dodges of the employer is to say that if the worker would only cheerfully accept a cut he would be much better off in the long run. But Phil forgets that the worker is obliged to live in short runs.

In the matter of foreign policy the position of the La Follette party is as dim and hazy as a San Francisco fog:

> And lastly! We believe that this hemisphere—all of it—was set aside for the ultimate destiny of man. Here a vast continent was kept virgin for centuries. Here it was ordained that man should work out the final act in the great drama of life. From the Arctic to Cape Horn, let no foreign power trespass. Our hemisphere was divinely destined to evolve peace, security and plenty. It shall remain inviolate for that sacred purpose.

To me this has a floridity smacking too much of Hitler and of Mussolini. I think that a good many other peoples may object to having Young Bob and Little Phil take over the entire hemisphere as "ours." I'm not even sure that God will agree that he turned out the rest of the world with his left hand and decided to make Americans his chosen people. But I feel comparatively sure that Gerald L. K. Smith will be around at Phil's door in the morning to say, "Governor, I couldn't have said it better myself."

HEYWOOD BROUN

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# Washington Notes

## $11 to Feed the Family

WHETHER the present condition of the wages-and-hours bill proves that parliamentary institutions do not work, or that 1938 is just a bad year the world over, this writer refuses to say. The bill, again rejected by the House Rules Committee, is in great danger of defeat. There is no reason why it should be. In most respects, it is pale enough, providing, in the first year after its enactment, a wage minimum of 25 cents an hour, or $11 for a 44-hour week. After one year, the minimum rises, by five cents annually, until forty cents is reached. What is strange about the bill's predicament is that perhaps 75 percent of the House membership would like to pass some sort of a wages-and-hours measure. A far stiffer bill went through the Senate months ago. It is certainly the will of the country that a wages-and-hours measure be passed, and it is obviously the will of Congress.

The story of the bill's present difficulties starts with the special session last fall. The House liberal bloc, after prodigious labors, succeeded in jacking the then current version of the bill, the Black-Connery measure, out of the Rules Committee. The Southern Democrats, through sharp parliamentary haggling, thereupon sent it back to temporary death in the Labor Committee. Here was a situation to be faced. Mr. Roosevelt was no longer in control of his party, and the Southern Democrats were. The common-sense course was to attempt to reach a compromise with the Southerners. This was taken by the House liberals and Labor's Non-Partisan League.

With the coöperation of Mr. Roosevelt, Representative Ramspeck of Georgia was chosen to work out a new draft. Mr. Ramspeck has been in politics almost since he left off baby dresses and is now a party power. He undertook the drafting of a wages-and-hours bill with the greatest sincerity. The measure he finally produced set a minimum wage equal to the average wage in each industry. Its principal concession to the Southerners was a differential in favor of Southern industry. But its shining merit was that it was delicately calculated to go through the Rules Committee, and through the House itself, with the least possible fuss.

Shortly before the Labor Committee was to vote on the Ramspeck draft, Mrs. Mary T. Norton, the Committee's chairman, confided that she, too, had a bill. The Ramspeck draft had set up an independent administrative board of five, partly for the reason that neither Mr. John L. Lewis nor the Southern Democrats have admiration for Secretary Perkins. The Norton draft placed wages-and-hours regulation definitely in the Department of Labor, to the reported delight of Miss Perkins. Mr. William Green, who had looked askance at the Ramspeck bill as a LNPL venture, supported the Norton draft. The Norton draft, it should be added, omitted the Southern differential.

The Labor Committee met. Two liberal Democrats, who had been meticulously drilled by the LNPL, forgot their cue-lines, apparently from sheer confusion. Proxies for absent members, which the LNPL had procured by telegraph, were ignored by Mrs. Norton. The Norton bill was adopted by a two-vote margin. Mr. Ramspeck, with some excuse, considered that he had been betrayed. The Southerners on the Rules Committee, and in the House itself, promptly swore that the Norton bill would not pass.

Other than labor-sweating employers, the gainers by the present snarl are the House Republicans. Members from the industrial districts of the Northeast—notably Mr. Joseph W. Martin Jr. of Massachusetts, the Republican whip—are able to strew soft words on the Norton bill, while the Democrats claw at its vitals. With genuine statesmanship, the LNPL is indulging in no recriminations, and is working loyally on the Norton bill's behalf, but it faces an immensely difficult task.

Mr. William Green's part in the wages-and-hours fight has been largely passive, but in the case of another measure of crucial value for labor—the Wagner-Healey bill—he has aggressively taken the employers' side. The Wagner-Healey bill provides that concerns selling materials or services to the government must abide by the National Labor Relations Act. If the National Labor Relations Board finds a company guilty of a refusal to bargain collectively with its workers, its government contract is forthwith abrogated. Essentially, the bill is an attempt to make use of the federal government's vast purchasing power, estimated at two billions a year, to obtain union recognition for labor. It reinforces earlier legislation of like intent. As with the wages-and-hours bill, a majority of Congressmen professedly favor such a measure.

About six weeks ago, the Senate held hearings on the Wagner-Healey bill. The brilliant Mr. Lee Pressman, counsel of the CIO, made a deep impression on the committee members. Then up reared Mr. Green and Mr. John P. Frey, to tell the committee, in effect, that the A. F. of L. would be satisfied with the bill only if holders of government contracts were placed on the same footing as all employers. Since the measure's sole purpose is to put especially stringent obligations on contract-holders, Mr. Green's recommendation would have reduced it to meaninglessness.

Chief among concerns that sell to the government are the warship-makers, and one of the largest is Bethlehem Steel, which fought the CIO in last year's Little Steel strike. Last week, Admiral William D. Leahy, chief of naval operations, came belatedly to the support of his steel-making friends. In a letter to the House Judiciary Committee, he objected to the Wagner-Healey bill, apparently on the ground that the NLRB might some day rule against a steel company. "Such delays in the construction of naval vessels urgently needed cannot be tolerated," wrote the Admiral.

The House leaders now have two high-sounding excuses for failing to bring the Wagner-Healey bill to a vote in the remainder of the session. Organized labor is not united in its support, and its enactment—in the opinion of the admirals—might cripple us in our race to outbuild Japan. Mr. Green's future as a labor leader is admittedly uncertain, but he might look well in a fore-and-aft hat with ostrich plumes.

*Washington* T. R. B.

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# Other People's Money

## Big Business Writes a Letter

SNOW WHITE OWEN D. YOUNG and the Fifteen Giants have decided to coöperate with the President to bring back recovery. The letter in which they convey their willingness to lend a hand breathes the spirit of good will and even goes so far as to reveal a suspicion of tolerance for the President himself. There is the thinly veiled suggestion that if he will put aside his nonsense and make an end of social and economic experiments they will be pleased to work with him to increase their profits.

It is disturbing, to put it mildly, to perceive evidences that the President, in his deep puzzlement, is disposed, for very weariness, to yield to the suggestions of this strange rescue crew. It is far more profoundly disheartening to have to recognize the fear that there is little else for him to do.

Mr. Roosevelt, in a mood of buoyant gayety, supported a group of measures which seemed to produce what we were calling only a little while ago the New Day, the Abundant Life, the recasting of our social and economic system to preserve us from further crisis. What visited us up to the first quarter of 1937 had all the earmarks of recovery to the undiscerning observer. The swiftness with which that innocent illusion was dispelled resembles nothing so much as one of those sudden shifts of scene we are accustomed to see in the movies, when the picture seems to turn a somersault. The recovery has gone. And with it slowly go the illusions.

Nothing could be plainer than that the President has no plan for correcting the erratic economic system. Maybe it is asking too much to expect a plan. But the important point is that only a year ago he was supposed to have had one and to have put most of it into effect. There were a few odds and ends to be cleaned up of course, but by and large we had been saved. He has a plan to produce a lift in business—a brief recovery. The plan of course is to spend more government money. It is the wise thing to do. But it bears no more relation to true recovery than the morning glass of rye bears to the problem of the cure of drunkenness.

But it is also clear that, even if the President had sound plans for restoring the economic society to health he could do nothing about it. Congress would not listen to him. And he makes it perfectly plain that, even if he knows what to do, he has not the hardihood to propose it. The man who only a little more than a year ago proudly proclaimed at Madison Square Garden, "I have only begun to fight," now in his latest fireside chat recalls a little pathetically that he has only offered four measures and that these, with one exception, were quite harmless.

What can the man do? What, in his desperate plight, can he do? The progressives around him offer nothing but heroic measures which mean more fight, more savage party disruptions. The mood for reform is gone. Slowly the more positive men of affairs close in on him. They offer him an easier way. Some of their schemes are crackpot schemes, as silly as any that sprang out of the brains of the Dr. Townsends and their like. But they have the blessing of such pragmatic fellows as Jesse Jones and Broker Hanes. These practical fellows have had a way of turning up at critical moments in the New Deal and getting commissions to do critical things. Have we forgotten Mr. Dean Acheson as Under-secretary of the Treasury in 1933 and Mr. Earle Bailie, fresh from the Johnson exposures of his banking house, in 1934? Have we ceased to remember Mr. W. Averill Harriman as one of the major generals of the NRA and, far worse, Mr. S. Clay Williams, representing the tobacco trust, coming to Washington to fight labor and ending as Administrator of the NRA? The latest right-wing hero is Commissioner Hanes, the stockbroker who was appointed to the SEC to regulate his friends and colleagues. He has broken out with a series of proposals to lend more to merchants and manufacturers on their devalued inventories in order to enable them to hold on to their overpriced stocks and thus avoid ordering new stocks. He seems to be the chief engineer of the proposed rapprochement of the Giants.

What do these business leaders mean by coöperation? They have a program. Let business alone; quit talking big about what you are going to do; stop backing labor; stop the plans for attacking monopoly; balance the budget. There is a program! And it is supported by a fierce energy of publicity in the press, by a series of maneuvers which bear all the marks of a resolute and engineered drive upon the mind of the President. If he "coöperates" he can do so only by surrendering. But one asks—surrendering what? What tremendous plan has he got to surrender? Where you have so little, surrender is easy.

His early evangelists are gone—and whither? To the economic royalists they once sought to break. The President himself has not that deeply rooted economic philosophy which will sustain him in the face of failure and adversity. He is not the sort of Messiah who thrives on disaster; on persecution for justice's sake and on crucifixion. He is not concerned deeply with the long results of time. He wants his reform today and his applause coming back hot and pleasant in his face. It begins to look as if the President is about to write "finis" to the New Deal. Whatever that was in fact, it was to a great many generous-minded men and women a collection of hopes. And it seems to be done for.

But what will the President get for surrender? Only a moment of peace. The enemies will climb down for a brief moment from his neck. But he will soon learn that he has been making terms with the wrong agents. Economic laws will go right on as if Henry Ford never visited the White House and Mr. Young and the Giants had never written. He may get Owen D. Young and Mr. Aldrich out of his hair, but the depression will continue to roost there. To get rid of it he will have to do something more than scratch.

But there is something about the timing of this letter along with a series of other things which leaves the impression that the business leaders have come to the conclusion that the President is punch-drunk and that he would like that moment of rest. That is all they can give him. And he will pay a terrible price for it.

JOHN T. FLYNN

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# Lenin and the Dead Pilots

I GOT TO "Lenin in October" finally, when the crowds tapered off at the Cameo Theatre enough so you could see the picture without suffocating (with the warm weather the old Cameo can get pretty high). As a movie its virtue is not in the continuity, which never used a film device where a printed paragraph would serve. As a document it is accurate in background details and in its main picture of Lenin, though I fancy some might give a start of surprise to find that the October Revolution mainly consisted of Lenin and Stalin laboring to thwart Trotsky, Kamenev, Zinoviev and the Provisional Government. (While Stalin appears without speaking much, possibly through an oversight on the part of history, which didn't feed him many important lines at the time, the implication is clear that he was the one really big man that Lenin could trust.) The working class is devoted and shrewd to a man; the forces of oppression hardly appear and weren't very good shots. So as a document it is incomplete and confusing at some points. God knows the subject is too vast to be covered, but it is also too vast for anyone to waste time using it to sell a bill of goods. And this has a bearing on the technical side: after all, an editor's hands must be pretty shaky when he knows the wrong face on the cutting-room floor may mean his own head in a basket.

But the good stuff in it needs no apology. The main marvel is Shchukin's reproduction of Lenin, face and figure and mannerisms. We can truly say "to the life," because unlike our stage and screen Lincolns, whose best work goes into make-up and gait, the actor has made a study in which make-up and resemblance are only secondary. (Lenin was not the action of this great sprawling movement but its brains and spirit—and what gestures are supplied by the standard actor's book, to register Brains and Spirit?) Since Lenin was in hiding through most of its length, the story has to be made largely out of "business," and it is in these homely touches that the Russians are most secure. In the train, the streets, the bare quarters, you see the little man with the big head silent among his great plans or pacing with an impatient spring; benevolent in the necessary details of living, a pure despot in the service of his world cause; gruff, quick and astringent of wit, explosive with decisions, orders, denials, rage, avid for all pertinent crumbs of knowledge, quizzical.

And the vital context for this is the film itself, with the reverence and devotion of a people mirrored in the characters near him, and with his directing brain speaking through the silent armed men of the factory, the bland sabotage of armored trucks at the government garage. The picture also has some good burlesque at the expense of the Provisional Government and a final free-for-all through the streets and into the Winter Palace. When it is good, it is very very good, and when it—but let that go, no use being hanged for a Trotskyist, is there?

"Test Pilot" was the most promising of the recent crop of pictures, but it let us down. The melodrama is ripping, but when it tries to be drama as well and go deep, it gets into the old Keystone situation of the high diver who found three feet of water over muddy bottom.

It is about Clark Gable, who was the best test-pilot of his time, very death-defying and an enormous heel if the truth were told, but, *you* know, just a big lovable boy; and Myrna Loy, who met and married him, woe was her; and Spencer Tracy, the friend of both. They finally worked a way out of it after Tracy had been killed, by means of someone's revealing to Clark that he loved the little woman all along—which opened *his* eyes all right, and the audience's too, because the point throughout had been that he loved her but loved defying death better, the big reckless thing. Anyway he came down out of the air and they had a Little One, after the audience had been watching them two hours, two solid hours.

This is what stalls the picture, long hunks of it where nothing moved but the lips of the principals. What makes it go are the most terrific air scenes ever taken or faked—crack-ups, plunges, power-dives, storms. Frank Wead wrote the story and so the pilot's routine and business about hangars has a convincing chatter. And since they ran a foreword explaining that this was all the past, nothing like it could happen again anyway, they had the cooperation of the army air service, which makes some of it very documentary and exciting. There are a transcontinental hop, a money race, a power-dive and bail-out, an altitude flight and two perfectly stunning smashes. The sound track does as much as the camera in setting up tension and keeping the heart in the mouth; and Spencer Tracy, down on the ground, does his sturdy best to make both airplanes and plot hold together. But Spencer Tracy can't do it alone. What they need here, outside of cutting, is a meaning to fit their many words—which is like saying that all your fine house needs, mister, is a foundation on something more than mudpies. OTIS FERGUSON

# Fair Enough

*The article which follows was written by Westbrook Pegler recently for his syndicated column. Many of the papers did not carry it and The New Republic therefore publishes it herewith for its intrinsic interest.* —THE EDITORS

I CANNOT SEE why the working-class Catholics are expected to be indignant against the government side in Spain. I think their indignation should be directed against those members of the Spanish clergy and the well born Spaniards of the Catholic faith who neglected a duty that was placed upon them. To them, originally, rather than to the mobs which raged in the early days of the war, I would charge the blame for the slaughter of the priests and nuns.

Few of us in this country understand Spain. We have to form our opinions from the utterances of advocates of both sides. We cannot hope to become experts on the subject in this way, but they have been appealing to us with all the arguments at their command, and, as one member of this public, I put my question.

The only admission that I have seen from an influential Catholic that the poor Spaniards had reason to hate the Church was written early in the war by the Rev. Wilfrid Parson, S.J. Father Parsons wrote in Columbia Magazine: "The great tragedy of Spain was that in the nineteenth century the working masses apostacized from the Church, as Pope Pius X once remarked. And, it is well to remem-

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ber, it was poverty, destitution and injustice which made them apostasize.

"They got to hate the Church because they hated the friends of the Church who exploited them and whom the Church did nothing to rebuke or correct. The words of Pope Leo XIII forty-five years ago went unheeded and his great encyclical, 'Rerum Novarum,' was neglected.

"Now the Church is reaping the sad fruits of that neglect in the loss of so many souls and the destruction of its churches. If all that had not been so, the poor would today be fighting on the Church's side instead of against it, or, rather, the leaders of the poor would never have got them to join the revolution in the first place."

This being so—and I accept Father Parsons as an authority—it seems to me that the working classes of Spain had a right to rebel. It seems but natural that when the explosion came they would slaugher the agents of an institution which they had learned to hate.

A duty was put upon the Church to rebuke and correct its friends who exploited these masses. As Father Parsons says, the Church did nothing to rebuke or correct them. He admits that the Church is reaping the fruits of neglect of duty. Much worse, from the standpoint of the Church, than the slaughter of priests and nuns and acts of desecration committed by ignorant and infuriated apostates, was the loss from the fold of the masses of the Spanish people. In the early months of the fighting the atrocities seem to have been reciprocal.

In most of the appeals for American working-class opinion on the side of the Church there is no mention of blame on the Church. There is an assumption of wanton injury without provocation, and one is inclined to ask why a people steeped in religion and tradition of the Church should do these dreadful things.

Now we read that General Franco, who has been slaughtering his fellow countrymen with a terrible preponderance of military power, intends to reëstablish the Church and abolish civil marriage. The abolition of civil marriage will mean that religious marriage will be substituted, and that naturally raises the question, what religion? Obviously the Catholic religion, whose Church so neglected its duty to the Spaniards that they were driven to hate it, driven into a bloody war, massacred in vastly greater numbers than they massacred the clergy, and conquered by the aid of foreigners representing a political system hideous to them.

I ask whether it is now intended to drive the Spanish masses back to the Church at the point of Franco's bayonets, some of them in the hands of Mohammedans, some in the hands of pagan Nazis, without so much as a gesture from the Church to punish or rebuke its guilty and negligent servants.

I have misgivings for the piety of people returned to the fold in this manner and a belief that if anyone suffers in hell for the slaughter of the priests and nuns, the women and children of Madrid and Barcelona and the other dead, the deepest pits will be occupied by those "friends of the Church" and the responsible Church authorities who failed to rebuke or correct them. If I were a Spaniard who had seen Franco's missionary work among the children I might see him in hell but never in church.

WESTBROOK PEGLER

# The Bandwagon

Efforts to arrange an independent May Day demonstration will be made by the New York Socialist Party because of alleged "Red-baiting" by the Communist Party in its attacks upon Trotskyites. – *News item in The New York World-Telegram.*

"There are good people and bad people. The bad people are the Jews."

This occurs in the opening chapter, where a mother is teaching her son how to distinguish between edible mushrooms and poisonous. – *From an Associated Press dispatch from Berlin describing a First Reader issued by Julius Streicher. Published in The New York Times.*

A few minutes after they donned shabby clothing and mingled among top hats and beautiful gowns in the Easter parade—"just to show the other half of the world how the unemployed have to dress"—three South Boston brothers were yesterday hustled into a prowl car and taken to Police Headquarters. . . . Police admitted the trio had committed no crime, but held them, nevertheless, as suspicious persons. – *News item in The Boston Globe.*

When the implication is unmistakable that a lady is intended, the word woman is preferred, but when the word woman implies that a lady might not be intended, then the word lady is used. – *Emily Post, writing in The Kansas City Star.*

Sir John Lorden, a former member of Parliament, described the virtue of the House of Lords in rejecting the Addison Housing Bill and the infamy of the Commons in its treatment of property owners. He resented the charge that property owners wanted slums. "Who made the slums?" he asked. "The tenant every time. The landlord cannot get into the houses to do the necessary repairs." – *News item in The Manchester Guardian.*

## Sugar Daddy

We who are his friends know that he plays the sugar market. What if he was caught in a jam in the market and his brokers called for more margin. I say to you that it is commendable that he, the Governor of Pennsylvania, had to borrow to protect his interests. – *Philadelphia Democratic City Chairman John B. Kelly, defending Governor Earle, as reported in The New York World-Telegram.*

## Be-Kind-to-Animals Week

Happy in their natural habitat! McCreery's Fur Storage. – *From an advertisement published in the New York newspapers.*

## Don't Look Now

He who would know what loyalty means now . . . need not seek far. Look upon the Führer, brother pastors, when you are weary and sore of heart. – *From a speech delivered by Bishop Sasse of Germany, quoted in The New York Times.*

*Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.* – THE EDITORS

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# Correspondence

## The Aleutians and National Defense

SIR: Many will acclaim The New Republic for notable service in its special section on National Defense [March 30]. The able leading article on our general naval and military defense is so constructive that it merits the wide circulation you give to it.

It is unfortunate, however, that the Pacific part of this general article is illustrated in your issue by a Mercator map. Except on or near the Equator, the Mercator map is distorted as to both direction and distance. Also, that type of map shows the shortest distance between two points by means of curved lines. For example, in your illustration straight lines join Hawaii and San Francisco and Hawaii and Panama. The reader may get the impression that these lines represent the shortest distances between these important points, whereas the shortest distances would be indicated by curved lines on that Mercator map.

The use of a Great Circle map, such as the United States chart number 1282, would have produced a far more accurate picture of the North Pacific areas. The Great Circle map is nearest to a globe. There is no distortion in the directions, although the distances are somewhat distorted for points very far from the center of the map. The shortest distances between any two points are shown by straight lines on the Great Circle maps. Look at a globe, the best representation of the earth's surface, at a point midway between the Aleutian Islands, in Alaska, and Hawaii. You will note that the United States and Japan lie almost end to end and not facing each other, as the Mercator maps used in all atlases would indicate. Also, that the straight Great Circle route to Japan passes the Aleutians. That line shows the usual short steamer lane to the Orient and the Philippines. The same line if prolonged strikes Singapore. How can we use Singapore as a base—with Japan squarely between America and Singapore? If France were making war on Berlin, could she use Warsaw as a base? An airplane—the Great Circle map will show—from Yokohama to the Canal would cross a portion of the United States and hit Panama from the Atlantic side.

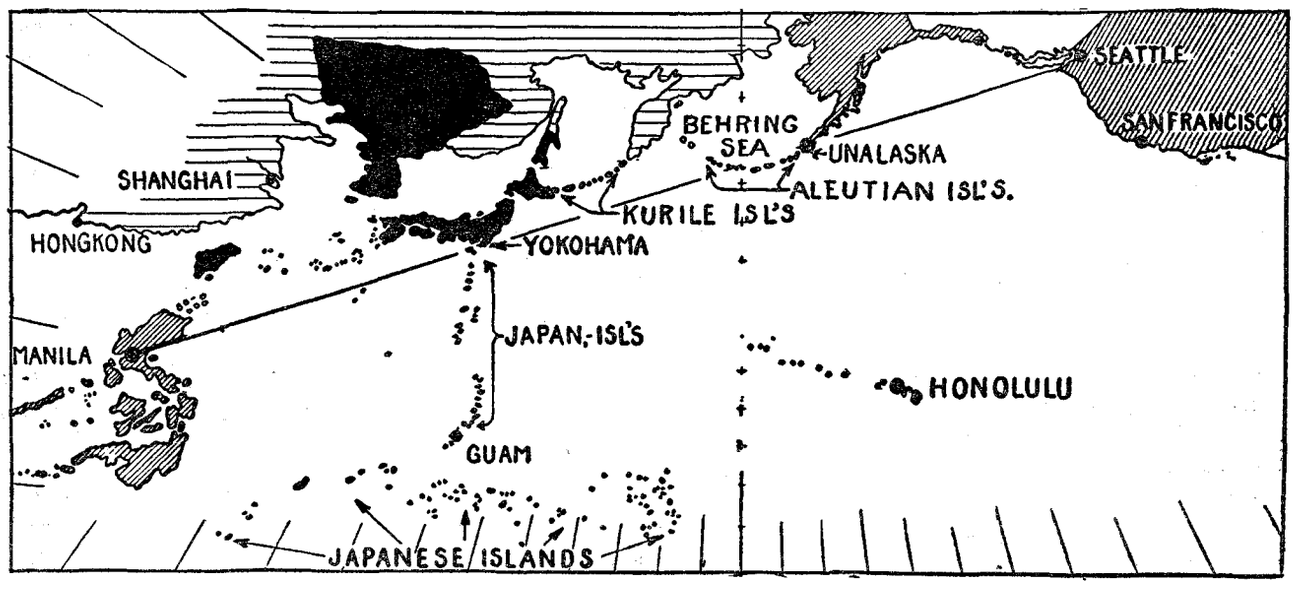
A globe will show that Unalaska Island in the Aleutians is the strategic and dominating key to the North Pacific Ocean—so far as any one place may be such a key. The Japan current moderates both the north and south sides of the Aleutians. Zero temperatures are unknown in Unalaska; the harbors are ice-free in winter. There are fogs in the Aleutians, and rough seas. There are fogs in San Francisco and New York, and in the Scotland regions of the English Channel there are dense fogs and great seas in the winter months.

Our major naval base in the Pacific should be at Dutch Harbor in Unalaska. The main army air base for that region ought to be in the Aleutians in supporting distance of the naval base. Honolulu is a good secondary base in defending the Canal. Honolulu does not lie within 2,000 miles of the traveled route to the Orient, passing Unalaska. How can submarines, tiny torpedo boats, submarine mines, air bombers and even the battleships—relatively—be effective when an enemy need not pass within 2,000 miles of their location at Honolulu?

WILLIAM C. RIVERS,
*New York City* Major General, United States Army, Retired.

SIR: In suggesting the use of a Mercator map to illustrate the article on National Defense, I was motivated by the necessity of conserving space. A Great Circle map would, it is true, have presented a more accurate picture of the North Pacific; unfortunately the reader could not have been shown the relation between the Aleutians, Hawaii and Panama on the same map, within the limitations of The New Republic's page-size. And since the North Pacific is not the only area in which our defense forces must function I thought it preferable, even at the risk of some distortion, to use a map on which all the strategical features of the Pacific area in which we are vitally interested could be shown, and their interrelation emphasized.

If Unalaska were to be made our main Pacific base, I am afraid that the Japanese, were they to entertain aggressive intentions, would not be so accommodating as to attack where we were strongest. Their mandated islands carry their jump-off location to within 2,000 miles of Hawaii, and their long-range submarines basing in the Marshalls could from this point reach our intercoastal sea-lane from Panama to California without difficulty. If Hawaii be reduced to the status of a

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secondary base, the Japanese would be practically invited to attempt this line of operations. The whole trouble with General Rivers' conception of Pacific strategy is that it is based on one view of "the enemy's most probable intentions." But the enemy's intentions cannot be determined in advance, before war begins. The French made such a plan in the years prior to 1914; the Germans completely upset it by being unkind enough to attack where the French were not ready to receive them. It is true, as Clausewitz says, that there must be "a national strategy"; but that strategy must be flexible. It must not be confined within the rigid limits of a preconceived idea of what the enemy will do. He may do something else. Hence it is unwise, in considering a defense line such as that of Unalaska-Hawaii-Panama, to concentrate the major striking power (that is, the main fleet base) on a flank. It is far better, far more flexible to keep that major striking power in a central position from which either flank may then be rapidly reinforced in case of need. After all, it is Panama which is the vital position, and it is the Panama-California line which is our principal route of maritime communications in the Pacific.

We must preserve our ability to operate on interior lines, within the triangle which is vital to our defense. By all means let us have a base at Unalaska; but let us not throw away our advantage of interior lines by arbitrarily assuming that the North Pacific will be the principal theatre of operations. We must be prepared to defend our vital area *wherever* it may be assailed. An adequate fleet operating from a *central position* is the only means of accomplishing this strategical aim.

*Brooklyn, N. Y.* GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

## Gorky's American Visit

SIR: The Gorky Institute of Literature, Moscow, which is gathering biographical data on the late Maxim Gorky, has requested me to appeal to American readers for documents, letters or other material relating to Gorky's visit to the United States in 1906. Any material sent to me will be forwarded to the Institute.

C. OUMANSKY, Counselor,
*Washington, D. C.* Embassy of USSSR.

## About Lincoln's Paternity

SIR: The letter in The New Republic of March 23, signed by Elizabeth Bent, a "great-granddaughter of a sister of Abraham Enloe," reiterates the discredited tradition that Abraham Lincoln was Enloe's son. May I be allowed to cite the following important facts?

Years ago the region in Kentucky in which Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks lived was rife with stories about the alleged illegitimate birth and supposed paternity of the Civil War President. The Enloe myth is one of several such stories. None of them can be traced farther back than the year of Lincoln's nomination for the presidency. Documentary evidence of unimpeachable authority indicates Abraham Lincoln to have been the first son and the second child of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks. His mother had no "cabin on the Enloe farm." At the time her boy was born the two homes were two miles apart, and nine months before, when the unborn life of Abraham Lincoln began, the two cabins were separated by eight miles of dense forests. The attribution of paternity to Enloe requires the assumption that his responsibility began when he was fourteen years of age.

Your correspondent is mistaken also in thinking that Lincoln biographers have not referred to the Enloe theory. It has been dealt with by several writers, and was considered thoroughly by the late William E. Barton in his valuable work on "The Paternity of Abraham Lincoln" (1920), wherein he devotes thirty-five pages to it.

*Boston, Mass.* F. LAURISTON BULLARD

## *From The New Republic Mail Bag*

Esther B. Sussman of the New School for Social Research, New York City, answers Otis Ferguson's criticism (April 6) of the sound-motion-picture equipment there with the announcement that the New School has just installed the most modern of sound projectors. Oh, the Power of the Press. . . . H. W. Eliot Jr. of Cambridge, Massachusetts, scolds The New Republic for not having printed "a thoroughgoing and intelligent critical analysis of the reorganization bill." . . . Amy Bonner of New York City sends us a description of the remarkable poetry library of Harriet Monroe, founder and editor for twenty-four years of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, which, according to the terms of her will, has been given to the University of Chicago. The collection includes about 2,300 volumes of verse, 300 volumes of critical prose and biographies and 200 anthologies of modern poetry. In addition funds have been set aside for the purchase of additional volumes, so that the library will remain a "modern" collection.

H. Allen Barton of Greenwich, Connecticut, asks why, when The New Republic has a "masterpiece" like Lewis Mumford's 'The Culture of Cities" to review (April 20), it assigns the job to a "shallow, patronizing fellow like your man Malcolm Cowley." Mr. Barton explains he hasn't yet read Mr. Mumford's book, but that Mumford always writes masterpieces. . . . Corwin Willson of Flint, Michigan, on quite the other hand, accuses Mr. Mumford of only skimming over the surfaces of the subjects he discusses, and Mr. Cowley of being too gentle in "taking the author's erudition apart." . . . Mrs. H. B. MacInnes of Catskill, New York, wishes to protest against the "unliberal views" of Matthew Josephson in his review of Dos Passos' "Journeys Between Wars" (April 27).

Clarence Senior of Washington, D. C., calls the attention of readers to the National Anti-War Congress to be held in Washington May 28, 29 and 30 in the Rialto Theatre, under the sponsorship of the Keep America Out of War Committee. The meeting will plan a course of action to halt the drive toward another 1917. . . . Helen Alfred of the National Public Housing Conference, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, sends an announcement of a tour, from June 29 to August 3, of the important housing projects of England and Scotland. Details may be obtained from the Conference's offices.

## *What's on the Air?*

Secretary of State Cordell Hull speaks on "Economic Coöperation in the Americas," Sunday, May 8, 3 P.M., CBS.

Dr. Ales Hrdlica talks on "Racial Origins and the Present Composition of the Austrian People," Friday, May 13, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Representative Samuel Dickstein discusses "This Un-Americanism Marches On," Saturday, May 14, 10:45 P.M., CBS.

Musical and dramatic programs of the week include Maxwell Anderson's "Valley Forge," Saturday, May 7, 5 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Pierre Monteux, guest conductor of the NBC Orchestra, Saturday, May 7, 10 P.M., NBC-Red Network; Wagner's "The Fying Dutchman" from the Royal Opera House, London, Wednesday, May 11, 3 P.M., Mutual; Toronto Promenade Symphony Orchestra, Thursday, May 12, 9 P.M., NBC-Blue Network; and the BBC Orchestra, conducted by Clarence Raybould, Friday, May 13, 3 P.M., Mutual.

All times given are Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

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# Books in Review

## Sand in the Shephard's Pie

FOR THE ACADEMIC MIND, Walt Whitman is still the most disconcerting figure in American letters. Apart from the late Paul Elmer More, who was, from the standpoint of literature, a genuine man of the world, American literary scholars have a curious way of betraying their own limitations in the presence of Whitman. They do this under the impression that they are giving the measure of Whitman. From the academic standpoint, Whitman is a negation of their accepted scheme of values: as a man, he is a charlatan, as a creative artist, a half-baked yeasty mass, as a myth-maker, a pretentious humbug. The question for intelligent people is whether this is a reflection upon Whitman or a reflection upon academic standards.

Mrs. Esther Shephard's study[1] of what she calls "Walt Whitman's Pose" brings this question pertinently before us. Her book is primarily devoted to digging into the "long foreground"—the phrase is Emerson's—that preceded the publication of "Leaves of Grass" in 1855. Her initial conviction is that this period of preparation was something that Whitman wished for highly discreditable reasons to withhold from the public: he kept the details of it purposely meager. She believes that Whitman deliberately concealed certain literary elements in his past, and that one damning detail robs him of all pretense to be considered an original poet or an honest man. If she is right, it is a serious blow to Whitman's moral reputation, perhaps to his literary achievement. If she is wrong—well, I will not keep the reader in suspense: she *is* wrong, and the only people who will take her seriously are those who are incapable of understanding the growth of an original mind.

The facts upon which Mrs. Shephard bases her dire suspicions and her "unusual discovery" are these. Walt Whitman was, until the publication of "Leaves of Grass," a commonplace writer who had written conventional stories and mediocre poems. Within half a dozen years, decisive transformation takes place in Whitman: it manifests itself in a new vocabulary, from which the old tags of romantic poetry are expunged; in the transformation of his measured verse into the long-breathed, highly individualized line—or the sharp imagist patterns—that marks all but the weakest of his poems. The moody young man, who seemed queer to his family, becomes the hearty, well balanced, vigorous bearded figure whose hair, at thirty-five, was prematurely graying. The hack writer becomes a poet fired with a mission to do for his countrymen what Shakespeare had done for the English, Dante for the Italians, Homer for the Greeks. Henceforward Whitman not alone writes his poem: so far as within him lies, he lives it. To the end of his days, he writes and rewrites, amends, rectifies, refurbishes, illuminates his "Song of Myself."

To the nature of this transformation, to speak frankly, Mrs. Shephard shows on every page she has not the faintest clue. For her, every item of the change seems suspect: the new moods, the new attitudes, the new demands, all seem to her those of a charlatan: if the conventional young editor of 1847 was real, then the Whitman who utters his barbaric yawp in 1855, who has found in a blade of grass a challenge more miraculous than all his reading has given him, is just a tawdry poseur. Mrs. Shephard has devoted herself, not to finding out something *about* Whitman, but to trying to get something *on* him. The result is a cheap mystery story. Its purpose is to prove that Whitman's fame, if not writ in water, is a house secretly built upon Sand.

George Sand, the friend of Flaubert, was a towering literary figure in Whitman's salad days, and to the end of his life he never ceased to read and admire her. Both Sand and Whitman had a common ancestor in Rousseau; both of them liked the outdoors; both of them cured themselves of their bodily ills in their old age by sun-bathing. But according to Mrs. Shephard, Whitman's debt to Sand was a much more profound one, for it was in the epilogue to Sand's novel "The Countess of Rudolstadt" that he discovered the image of a great poet, who would speak for humanity and who would appeal to the common people, a poet who was capable of writing a great poem, like nothing else in the world. This inspiration launched him on his career. So much did Whitman's "pose" as a poet hang upon the reading of this chapter, Mrs. Shephard believes, that he spent the rest of his life trying to conceal the shameful secret. She believes that the direct influence of Sand's crazy Count, not Whitman's mysterious putative children, was the secret that Whitman could not bring himself to tell Traubel. The "pose" of Walt Whitman—that is, all the things that make up the benign personality and the demonic poet who flourished after 1855—would not have existed if he had not discovered the prototype of himself in a forgotten novel by George Sand, which he read, according to Mrs. Shephard, "some time in the early fifties."

This is the core of Mrs. Shephard's claim to having written a scholarly thesis about Whitman's development as a poet. Only one thing was necessary for Mrs. Shephard to do in order to make her thesis acceptable: she should have done what she continually suspects Whitman of wanting to do: she should have destroyed every copy of George Sand's novel, on which she bases the better part of her case. At the same time, she should have redated Whitman's 1847 diary, reprinted by Holloway in his two-volume uncollected "Poetry and Prose," because that diary shows that Whitman was already well in possession of his new personality and new poetic afflatus three years before the decade in which Mrs. Shephard explicitly says Whitman got his inspiration from Sand. In printing the epilogue to "The Countess of Rudolstadt," Mrs. Shephard did herself a heroic disservice; for the anticlimax it makes is a comic one. The shell that was to blast Whitman is not merely an empty one; it does not even land in the same field.

That Whitman read, and perhaps highly valued, the Epilogue, I should be willing to grant as a possibility even

[1] Walt Whitman's Pose, by Esther Shephard. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 465 pages. $3.75.

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without evidence. That this vague literary image of George Sand, full of the wild romantic threads of madness, Rosicrucianism, and mumbled mystery, was responsible for the development of "Leaves of Grass" and the personality of Walt Whitman is worse than absurd: it is childish. It would be just as credible to assert that Sand had effected a personal transformation in Tolstoy, too: was not Tolstoy a count who put on a peasant's costume, changed his literary style and wrote a few chapters in "War and Peace" devoted to understanding the mysteries of masonry? Only one thing could be more grotesque than this notion, and that is to imagine that Whitman would have spent his life in trying to hide such a stimulus if it had actually been received. He lived in the century of Byron and Victor Hugo and Richard Wagner: a century whose most commonplace literary idea was that the poet was the architect of the nation's soul and that the poet and the artist, not the priest, the business man or the politician, were the destined leaders of the people. Whitman did not have secretly to steal from George Sand's exposed counter something that he could pick up for nothing on the street.

The fact is that Mrs. Shephard's whole conception of Whitman's pose is based upon a fundamental failure to grasp the inevitable contradictions between the private and the public personality of the artist, a relation that is no less paradoxical than that of the saint, the priest or, for that matter, the statesman. The poet is both himself and not himself: Dante is both a man with a grievance who hates his wife and eats the bitter bread of exile, and the creator of the "Divine Comedy" who amends his evil fortunes by imaginatively chastising his enemies, by putting himself on the level of Virgil without waiting for history's verdict, and by immortalizing a woman he has never held in his arms.

To deflate the magnified image the poet seeks to project into his work, one has only to remember that he belches after dinner and once borrowed five dollars he did not return: a grateful task to those who do not measure up to the poet's demands upon their feelings. To establish his clarified image, on the other hand, the poet naturally seeks to conceal or gloss over the contradictory elements in his own life: particularly those that antedated his mature development. So Balzac established a true canon of his works and sought to exclude the florid errors of his literary youth.

Had Whitman pretended to be the poet of the New World, on the strength of wearing an open collar and a bluff beard, while he continued to write verse in the fashion of Longfellow or Martin Tupper, the lack of organic continuity would have been fatal: Mrs. Shephard's use of the word "pose" would then not have been offensive. But the fact is that there is a far deeper harmony within the Whitman who wrote and flourished after the "Leaves of Grass" than there is in the restless, unplaced young man who preceded it: if discrepancies remain, they existed because Whitman was human, not because he was a wily old impostor who was trying, single-handed, to establish a reputation for himself that his poetry could not sustain. Grudgingly, Mrs. Shephard admits that a few of Whitman's poems are poetry. But she is too generous. In order to make her disparagements really effective, she should have found a way to wipe out all of Whitman's poems, along with the "Democratic Vistas." That would have made her thesis impregnable.

LEWIS MUMFORD

# Two Sides of Darwin

*Charles Darwin, by Geoffrey West. New Haven: Yale University Press. 374 pages. $3.50.*

GEOFFREY WEST, a young English author, has written a sympathetic account of Darwin the man. He uses a remark of Romanes as a guiding maxim: "The first duty of biographers will be to render some idea, not of what Darwin did, but of what he was." And within the confines of this approach, Mr. West does a good job of recreating the actual man, in his personal life a true product of his upper-middle-class environment, with all the Victorian limitations of thought and feeling. We see him standing in lifelong awe of his father, who almost made him a divine. We share the excitement of his discoveries on the famous voyage of the "Beagle" and the slow germination of his revolutionary hypothesis. We witness his marriage to his cousin, Emma Wedgewood, because "it is intolerable to think of spending one's whole life like a neuter bee." Then we hear of "the frequency of his wife's maternal situation": he was strongly opposed to birth control as making for "extreme profligacy amongst unmarried women." We find him a tireless worker despite his chronic ailments. We learn that he enjoyed sentimental novels and Lewis Carroll, and read Mark Twain to put himself to sleep.

Gradually, with much detail, Mr. West builds up a full picture of the personal life of the man whose uncertainty made him search the more feverishly to verify facts, and whose secluded life and monetary means gave him the leisure to construct one of the lasting foundations of science. Our understanding of Darwin and his work is deepened by Mr. West's analysis of his way of life and his peculiarities as an individual. His shyness and his isolation from the social world were contributing factors in shaping his scientific work. In learning about the man we can better evaluate the origins and development of his great idea.

In so far as Mr. West presents the personal side of Darwin, acting and speaking with the "crudest prejudices" of the English middle class, he is both accurate and amusing. He could have used this angle of Darwin to illuminate those preconceptions which in turn imposed limitations upon the theory of evolution. Instead the biographer uses his one-sided approach to question the social good of Darwin's ideas and to conclude that their consequences were destructive of human values and civilization itself. He concludes that "it is to Darwin the man rather than to his scientific achievement as a thing in itself that I would look for his enduring value."

Darwin's contribution was to certify the scientific credentials of organic evolution, and to demonstrate the unity of all life processes. He helped free the biological sciences from what Mr. West calls their "anthropomorphic imprisonment." Certainly Darwin's "enduring value" lies in this accomplishment, and not in his personal fortitude or his devotion to his wife and children, characteristics which he shared with other kindly men of means.

Despite attacks on Darwin from many quarters, most of modern biology is a "commentary"—as a contemporary English scientist says—on "The Origin of Species." Present-day obscurantists attack or misuse Darwin's ideas

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in two ways, asserting either that they are essentially incorrect, or else that they offer scientific proof of the value of predatory social practices. Of course, the growth of knowledge has shown that Darwin's great conception was too narrow, neglecting factors which geneticists are grappling with today. In part this was due to the limitations of nineteenth-century science, and in part to his acceptance of the mechanistic philosophy of his time. Darwin tended to inject the social and intellectual prejudices of his class into his work. He rediscovered among plant and animal life—as Marx put it—"his English society, with its division of labor, competition, opening up of new markets, inventions and the Malthusian struggle for existence."

Such prejudices, having no bearing on the scientific content of evolutionary doctrine, are misused by political eugenicists and race dogmatists. It is ironic that reactionaries first attacked Darwin for stirring up the lower classes and encouraging a repetition of the Paris Commune; today the descendants of Wilberforce transfer Darwin's biological conclusions to society as a justification for war and race prejudice. Mr. West plays into the hands of "social Darwinism"—which is inimical to science—by attributing maladjustments of contemporary society to Darwin and scientific method in general. He attacks science for "unrestrained materialism"; but it is scientific method, exemplified by Darwin, which will help mankind to resolve the crisis of modern life.

DAVID RAMSEY

# The People Against Death

*The Fight for Life, by Paul De Kruif. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 346 pages. $3.*

THE PRESENT VOLUME, consisting largely of material that appeared in two popular magazines, is a stirring record of what the author discovered in the course of an extensive survey of America's health problems and of the facilities—research, medical, economic and administrative—available for their solution. The peculiar "lo-and-behold!" style favored by De Kruif may prove an initial difficulty for readers who dislike being written *at* rather than for, and the constant resort to the patronizing epithet of the Time-Fortune-Life variety ("famed microbe-hunter Edward Francis," "implacable truth-hunter Goldberg") is a needless concession to American tabloid jargon in its worst form. Once past these stylistic hurdles, however, you are at the very heart of a drama that contrasts the uttermost extremes of human suffering, illness, disease and misery with possibilities for health and happiness greater than anything ever known in the world.

There is no mistaking the earnestness with which De Kruif indicts "the organized poverty called civilization that frustrates the fight for life," and the skill with which this champion of medical genius portrays the efforts of science to break the stranglehold upon the American people of diseases that are definitely preventable. From among the dozen or so narratives in the book—all stressing the tragedy of vast technical resources confronted by an incompetent social order—four stand out for their epic quality. The intense struggle against pellagra in the South, directed by Dr. Joseph Goldberger of the United States Public Health Service with the assistance of William De Kleine and a


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corps of experts, who showed how pellagra could be conquered—and their retreat in the face of "insuperable" economic obstacles. The fight against maternal mortality led by Dr. Joseph B. De Lee, with the strange and pathetic interlude of the "heat treatment" for pelvic infection developed by the eccentric doctor Charles Robert Elliott, who was to die obscurely in a New York Hospital. Then we have the story of how infantile paralysis met its match in the work of Charles Armstrong—only to meet also with a variety of complications; and, as a climax, the whirlwind campaign against syphilis conducted by that extraordinary man, O. C. Wenger, with Chicago as a base of operations and Surgeon General Thomas Parran as chief. Here also victory was in sight when "lack of funds" interposed its wearisome and tragic veto.

Everywhere—and this is the hopeful note in De Kruif's otherwise grim tale of effort and frustration—the American people, once they knew what was afoot, eagerly coöperated with the scientists, nurses, technicians and country doctors. Invariably it was a complex of economic, political and administrative obstructions—plus the rigidity of a distorted medical "ethics"—that stood between the public and its right to health. But De Kruif does not despair: "The people," writes this one-time devotee of "pure" science, "are beginning to know that life is no longer a question of Do *I* live or do *I* die. No, in their onward march of life it now becomes, Do *we* live or do *we* die?"

HAROLD WARD

# Horror Story

*The Men I Killed, by Brigadier-General F. P. Crozier. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 218 pages. $2.*

THIS BOOK is heralded as a great contribution to the cause of peace. It is a difficult book to analyze, because its basic thesis is hidden behind a screen of religious hysteria, horror tales and Anglo-Irish politics, but it comes out clearly in the end. It is this: There is no defense against air attacks; therefore, the peace-loving nations of the world should lay down their arms. "Democracy cannot be defended. . . . The real defense is not to fight." In this, General Crozier suggests, Britain should set the example.

But one reply can be made to such perilous advice, and that is to say bluntly that the argument is based on a false premise and leads to a false conclusion. "There is no defense against air attacks!" Look at Madrid, bombed almost daily for eighteen months, still living, still resisting. "The anti-aircraft gun is still as ineffective as it was in 1918." The experience of the Spanish war proves the direct contrary to be true; the effectiveness of anti-aircraft artillery has been the major military surprise of that unhappy conflict. "Officers of the Air Force claim, quite rightly, to be able to destroy whole localities in the twinkling of an eye." Has Madrid, or Valencia, or Barcelona, or Nanking, or Canton been destroyed "in the twinkling of an eye"? Not for lack of effort, certainly.

It is on the terror of air power that today the dictators, the war-mongers, rely as the grim threat behind the gigantic bluff with which they are overawing the democracies of Europe. Goering's speech in Berlin after the Austrian débâcle shows the trend of their minds. Submit, or your women and children will be bombed in their homes! That is the gist of the matter. Is it a service to peace to reinforce this savage menace? Or is the true service to peace to point out the weaknesses and limitations of air power, as shown conclusively in Spain and China; to point out further that the hope of quick and overwhelming victory by the unrestricted use of bombing planes is a mirage; and that the dictator powers cannot support a long war in which all the weight of resources would be against them? And that it is also true that the greatest restraint on those who threaten their neighbors with "totalitarian" methods of warfare is the certainty of reprisals in kind?

Of course war is horrible. General Crozier lays gory emphasis on that fact; and this reviewer, who, like General Crozier, served in the British forces through those terrible years 1914-18, would be the last to deny it. I do deny General Crozier's remarkable statements about the free use of revolvers by British officers against their own men, whatever may have been the defects in General Crozier's conceptions of leadership which made such methods necessary to him.

"The regiment priding itself on always getting its objectives or holding its positions is actually admitting the presence of that revolver." If one may be pardoned a personal reference, I would like to observe that my own beloved First Australian Division had a quite notable record in that direction. But not at the pistol's point. There was but one way to get the Australian soldier to go forward into the jaws of hell and that was to *lead* him forward.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT

# There Is No Peace

*In Praise of Life, by Walter Schoenstedt. Translated by Maxim Newmark. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.*

SOME DAY, perhaps in 1958 and perhaps later, scientific historians are going to fit together the pieces of the jig-saw puzzle that is Central Europe today. Among the important chips will be certain biographies—those of Eva Lips, Hubertus zu Loewenstein, Kurt Ludecke, among others—explaining why intellectuals, aristocrats, even Hitlerites left a country which is evidently still in their blood. But professionals, intellectuals and adventurers are a small, though conscious and influential, part of a nation. A book that speaks through the millioned mass which provides the unknown soldiers in war and peace is something else again.

It is hard to think of Walter Schoenstedt's book as a novel; it is hard to think of it as words at all; the sense of living as against thinking and writing comes through so strongly. Peter Volkers and his friends were children of five and six when the War broke out. At that age life is not sufficiently set for war to mean much. They saw the soldiers, they were told their fathers had gone to the front, some of the mothers worked in munitions factories, news came that some boys' fathers had been killed, there were cases of hysteria and arrests. The children went to school, came home, were hungry and looked for something to eat —and remained hungry. There was *ersatz* bread, and turnips and still more *ersatz* bread and turnips, but never enough. Then some of the fathers came back, and the War

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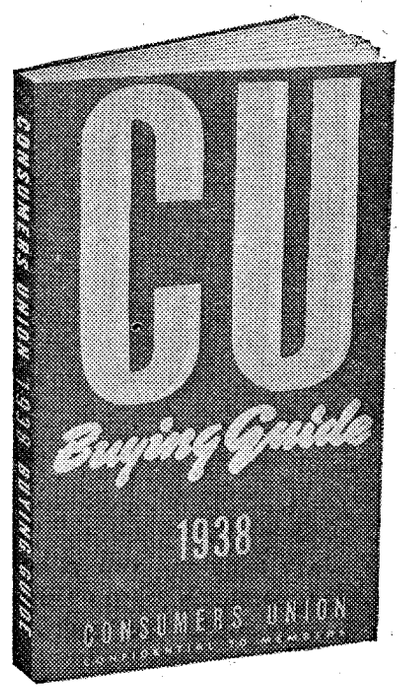


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was over. Food was scarce; they didn't talk of a war of attrition or a peace of attrition; they were hungry. Time passed and they looked for jobs—endless lines at the employment bureaus, cruel exploitation of the young and unskilled and even of the old and skilled. This was the Republic, and the Republic was to blame, or the French, or, some said, war and the Junker war-makers were to blame. How Peter Volkers happened to find a friend and write an article and come to America, found plenty and kindness less powerful than the pull of his country and then found he couldn't stomach the Third Reich when he went back, or what became of the other boys—all that is narrative for the flesh of incident to clothe.

It is not news, even in this land of plenty, that people who are always hungry and despairing of the future are likely to do abnormal things. What makes this book news is that the writer, who grew up in an era of national poverty and hopelessness, remained normal—*because for him and his friends scarcity was normal.* The lives of Peter Volkers and his unimportant friends are important (and fascinating too, by virtue of the author's skill in handling everyday details) to those who want to prevent the same political phenomena in this country, to those who don't think any more about politics than these boys did and, eventually, to the historian who wants to base his findings on the rigid truth of everyday fact.

B. E. BETTINGER

GLASS HOUSES

*Ten Years of Free-lancing*

BY CARLETON BEALS

THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB says of this exciting narrative of 10 years free-lancing in Mexico, Italy, Spain: "One of the most outspoken autobiographies ever written. . . . Full of vividly drawn people. . . . Those concerned with the most difficult and stirring problems of our times will find good reading here."

Comments the Saturday Review of Literature: "A brilliant record of historic importance and one you will not want to miss."

CARLETON BEALS has been called "One of the most remarkable knights-errant in contemporary journalism" (New York Times). In GLASS HOUSES he tells of those early adventurous years when he was making a name for himself, when he bummed his way via freights and freighters, slept in haystacks and palaces, breakfasted with peons and dined with dictators. . . . The story of a modern vagabond—a fascinating combination of a Crusader and a Harry Franck—that will grip the interest of the most jaded reader. . . .

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# New Books: A Reader's List

WHERE NOW, LITTLE JEW? by Magnus Hermansson (Bonnier, $2.50). The author prescribes assimilation as the cure for the Jewish problem which is already chronic in some lands and threatens to be contagious. Method: the Jews must be converted to Christ, the Christians must welcome them with love and unlimited patience.

BIRDS AGAINST MEN, by Louis J. Halle Jr. (Viking, $2.50). A free-lance explorer and archeologist writes of his adventures among birds. An enthusiast, with a taste for highly colored prose, he makes his birds live and feel like human beings. Pleasant reading for those who worship at the shrine of W. H. Hudson. The drawings by Lynd Ward are nice, too.

AMERICAN STUFF, by Workers of Federal Writers' Project (Direction, Vol. I, No. 3, 25 cents). Short stories, reporting, criticism and poetry written on other than FWP time. Interviews with living ex-slaves furnished the material for the piece by Elizabeth Lomax, high spot of the book. Other contributors are Murray Godwin, Jeremiah Digges, Helen Neville, Howard McKinley Corning, William Pillin and Miriam Allen de Ford.

CHINA REBORN (Photo-History No. 4, 25 cents). What the shooting's all about in China (from away back). Sixty-four pages of dramatic photos, some published for the first time, and explanatory text. Featured is a pictorial map of the Chinese Red Army's 6,000-mile march. Shots of Chu Teh and other Red leaders, two pages on the kidnaping of Chiang Kai-shek and, topping it off, pictures of China reunited in the face of the Japanese invasion.

## Contributors

EDGAR SNOW, one of the few foreigners who ever penetrated Soviet China and the first journalist to report on his findings there, is the author of "Red Star over China," published in January by Random House.

DOROTHY GILES, a journalist who specializes in psychological subjects, is the author of "The Road Through Czechoslovakia." In recognition of her understanding of the Czech and Slovak peoples, President Masaryk decorated her with the Order of the White Lion.

WESTBROOK PEGLER is one of the most widely read daily newspaper columnists in the United States. A collection of his columns, "Tain't Right," was published in 1936 by Doubleday, Doran.

LEWIS MUMFORD, author of many books on art, literature and the social sciences, has recently published "The Culture of Cities."

DAVID RAMSEY, a contributing editor of Science and Society, writes articles on science for various periodicals.

GEORGE FIELDING ELIOT, military critic and lecturer, was a Captain and Major in the United States Military Intelligence Reserve between 1922 and 1930. He is the co-author, with R. Ernest Dupuy, of "If War Comes."

B. E. BETTINGER is a member of the staff of The New Republic. Her reviews have appeared in many periodicals, including The Saturday Review of Literature and The Herald Tribune Books.

HAROLD WARD's special interest is in the social implications of science and technology. He is a contributing editor of China Today.

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